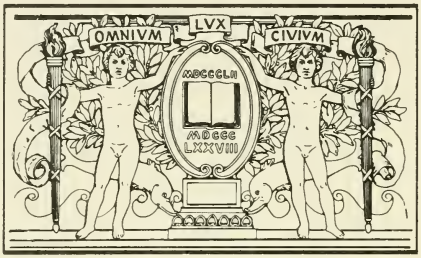
MOHAWK PETER

HENRY G. DORR



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MOHAWK PETER
LEGENDS OF THE ADIRONDACKS
AND
CIVIL WAR MEMORIES

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LEGENDS OF THE ADIRONDACKS AND CIVIL WAR MEMORIES

BY

HENRY G. DORR

Illustrations by Nellie L. Thompson

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FOREWORD

Henry G. Dorr's life of more than four score years has covered many interesting and unusual events. As a young man, not as yet out of his teens, having chosen to engage in business rather than enter college, he sailed on the *Samuel Appleton* from New York bound for Hong Kong. He was not destined to reach Cathay: the long voyage was interrupted by rough weather off the Cape of Good Hope and the ship was obliged to put into Port Elizabeth in Algoa Bay. Opportunity seemed to offer for an enterprising Yankee in the Cape Colony and he remained there for two years and a half.

On one occasion, in July, 1859, while making a pleasure-trek with an acquaintance into the country, he picked up an odd-looking pebble in the bed of an arroyo on the bank of which he was camping for the night. Later a jeweler recognized it as a diamond in the rough. Out of this incident might have developed a train of sequences which would have changed history. He had discovered the diamond-fields of South Africa, and if it had not been for the sudden death of one of his friends in London the two might have returned to the Cape Colony provided with ample funds to make explorations and exploit the mines which have since provided the world with half a billion dollars' worth of precious stones. To hear the discoverer relate

the story of that significant "find" and how a mere chance intervened to dissociate him from the development of the Kimberley region makes one realize how closely related to destiny are occurrences apparently trifling.

Young Dorr returned to Boston in February, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, expecting to become the representative of William H. Boynton and Company at Port Elizabeth; but the Civil War entailed such heavy losses on that firm that it went into bankruptcy. He enlisted in the Union Army and served gallantly until the end of the war. He was promoted from first duty sergeant to various grades until in January, eighteen sixty-four, he was commissioned major. He was under fire twenty-six times and, as one of his war reminiscences relates, was captured by the Rebels during an engagement near Middleburg in Florida. The war stories in the present volume were written for his fellow-members of the Loyal Legion and the Kinsley Post, G. A. R., Boston.

Some time later than the close of the Civil War Major Dorr came into possession of an extensive property in the Adirondacks including Lake Massawepie, around whose shores many Indian tales and memories cluster. While developing Childwolde Park as a summer hunting and fishing resort he found it interesting to jot down some of the aboriginal stories associated with that delightful wilderness. He did this for a pastime just as, in other years, he had taken up wood-carving and

made the most lifelike effigies of partridge, grouse and other wild birds colored in the hues of nature; just as he also discovered and collected in the sheets of birch bark stripped from his forest trees impressionist landscapes as perfect as if painted by skilled artists; and just as he later occupied leisure hours in modelling bas-relief portraits of his friends.

Some lives, like Henry Dorr's, have a variety and interest of experience above the common lot. These memories by one whose friendships are legion and whose reminiscences are of interest to a wide circle of intimates are now offered to a larger public as the narrator first wrote them, simple informal tales told among friendly listeners.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

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MOHAWK PETER
LEGENDS OF THE ADIRONDACKS
AND
CIVIL WAR MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

On one of those lovely September evenings in the Adirondacks I was indolently floating in my canoe upon Lake Massawepie, revelling in its atmosphere and beauty. The moon, then at its full, was almost directly at the zenith. The high, irregular shores, covered to their summits with towering trees, were reflected as by a mirror in the waters beneath.

The stillness was unbroken save by the occasional hoot from an owl deep in the bordering forest, the shrill screech of a night hawk as it winged its rapid flight along the contour of distant shores, and the nearer splash of a trout, leaping like a flash of silver into the moonlight for its unwary prey, and breaking the calm surface of the lake with countless concentric circles.

These varied interruptions seemed to relieve the tranquil lake and its environment of sleeping forest bathed in moonlight from a fancied semblance to some beautiful, painted cyclorama, and furnished the sound, the life and the motion in this glimpse of Nature's incomparable handiwork needed to make perfect to the observer the reality of the sylvan scene.

Yet peaceful in repose as this beautiful lake was a puff of wind would ruffle the smooth surface of the water into myriads of small ripples, sparkling from the rays of the full moon above. A gale would

change this again into high, fierce waves, borne onward to be dashed against rocky prominence or shelving beach; and the trees upon the shores bending to its force would whip one another with their long, tough branches, like fighting squadrons in hand-to-hand encounter armed with deadly weapons. Here, now, all was at peace so far as human interference might be involved. But what do we know of the primeval history of this lake, when fierce savages lived and hunted upon its waters and its shores? What dramas may have been enacted here—of romance—of tragedy? Who knows?

After a long tramp through the somber forest to inspect some distant timber-land, I had, as twilight darkened the woods, most gladly reached the terminus of the trail on the shore of an estuary of this lake where I had hidden my canoe in the bushes many hours earlier. And now, after several miles of paddling homeward toward my little cottage, the tiny boat-house and landing were in sight half a mile away on the eastern shore. Although tired, and hungering for my late supper, I had withdrawn the paddle from the water that I might again fully enjoy the exquisite loveliness of this typical evening scene of the Adirondack wilderness. Thoughts approaching those I have suggested came trooping through my mind, with the wish that some record of its earlier life might be discovered.

My cottage was upon a high bank overlooking the lake; but a fringe of trees intervened between the bank and the water's edge, which, although protect-

ing the cottage from observation from the open water, afforded ample views of the lake through many vistas arranged between the trees from that purpose. The motive for this was to preserve an unbroken continuity of forest bordering the lake, that its pristine character might remain intact.

The canoe was safely housed in its boat-house, and with my gun, a brace of partridge and light axe I hastily mounted the steps leading upward toward the rustic cottage. I had no companion living with me at this time, and as the nearby hotel had been closed for the season several days earlier, I had remained, alone, to enjoy a few more weeks of autumnal weather before returning to my city home for the winter.

As I approached the cottage, I was surprised to see a strange man sitting on the steps of the front piazza. His figure was fully exposed to the bright light of the moon; and his appearance was unusual, and unlike that of anyone I had ever seen in that neighborhood. From his costume, I at first mistook him for a Canadian lumberman. But as he raised his face to the full radiance of the moonlight as I approached, I saw that it was of a swarthy, deep brown color; his cheek bones were prominent, and much long, coarse black hair fell below his shoulders from beneath a close fitting but very much worn fur cap. As his small, though very bright, almost glittering eyes met mine, I knew the man before me to be an Indian and evidently

one of unmixed blood, as there was no trace of white or negro in that countenance.

"Well, friend, who are you, and what can I do for you?" was my first inquiry.

The man arose, and seemed to study my face a few seconds before replying with an inquiry made in queer, broken English, spoken as if, though familiar with it, he did not often use it.

"This your cabin?"

I replied, "Yes. If you are in need of food, I can give you some directly."

Ignoring my hospitable offer he continued, "You man they call Major?"

I again assented to his inquiry, but repeated my first question,—what did he want of me?

For reply he asked, "This your lake?"

At first I felt annoyed at his insistence, and at his avoidance of my question, and should have expressed my annoyance had I not known somewhat of Indian character and their unswervingly direct way of reaching the crucial point in any contest of words. I was also wondering and curious to learn what specific purpose the man had in view, for he was earnest and quite respectful. There was an innate dignity in his look, in his carriage, that impressed me favorably in spite of his uncouth exterior and his seeming rudeness.

Receiving my assent to his last question, his next was:

"And land about it?"

"Yes! Fire away quickly for I have questions to put to you."

"Much land yours, about here?"

This was getting too personal. "Yes, plenty for me to swing around in," I replied, with an amused laugh.

"Good!—Heap land,—heap water you got!—All mine once!"

This last remark, his first acknowledgment to me, was, for the moment, as startling as unexpected. And the possibility of disputed land-titles came into my mind, as my gaze travelled for an instant through the tree vistas, over the broad lake, and I again saw bits of the beautiful scene so recently enjoyed by me while idly floating upon its bosom. An instant later I laughed at the disturbing thought, which I fear had been rightly interpreted by the Indian, whose keen glance was fixed upon my face unswervingly; for, without waiting for me to speak, he exclaimed:

"Major, I, Mohawk Indian, from Ottawa River in Canada. My people once, long ago, owned this country. It their hunting ground. Their council house and lodges—then, on Mohawk river.—I learn much from my people, of this country, and come here to see — to visit it. I am old man as you see — more than sixty years. I have had school learning, and can read, and I read much — all I can find — of those days—long ago—when my people live here, and your people live south, and east to the sea. And I

for long years hanker to see this country, and this lake where my fader's fader had wigwam—and hunted and fished—and did other things. That is why I am here to see this lake, and other places near here that I know of by—tradition—of the time when my fader's fader—Chief—great sachem—lived —here—long time ago."

Gracious! Was I awake, or asleep and dreaming? I sank down on the steps of the piazza as this unexpected explanation of his presence came hesitatingly and with many short pauses from the lips of this Mohawk aborigine. At first I had no words for fitting reply. Then I held out my hand as he stood before me, which he grasped with evident relief, still keeping, however, that fixed gaze upon my face, as I inquired,

"What's your name, my friend?"

"In Toronto I am called Pierre. Here, I say Peter."

"Well, that's English, anyway, though we have not many Peters among us Yankees. But it will do, for the Adirondacks. Your account is interesting to me, Peter; very much so indeed! And I make you very welcome as my guest on these shores and on the lake,—which you say, and which I also believe once belonged to your ancestors,—as long as you will honor them with your presence. But I am hungry and possibly you are the same. Can you cook?"

"Yes, Major, I can—guide way."

"Well, that will suit me very well. Let's get some supper."

"Where your cook place, Major?"

"Come into the 'cabin' and I'll show you."

Meanwhile Peter had picked up the two birds that I had dropped in my astonishment at his revelations, and we proceeded to the fireplace in the cottage. The larder contained an ample supply from the steward's department of the hotel, as I always provided for emergencies such as unexpected guests, much more than was necessary for the preparation of a supper of broiled partridge, griddle cakes with maple syrup, and coffee; all accomplished by Mohawk Peter, professional guide, and self-appointed chef at Camp Sorghum,—which was the name of this cottage on the shore of Lake Massawepie.

And it is a question which of us relished and enjoyed that supper the most,—the chef or the host; —the former, who claimed primordial ownership by inheritance of this lake in the wilderness; or the host,—the more recent owner; for we each had splendid appetites, and mine was enhanced by a protracted fast and long tramp through primeval forests. I think we came out evenly in quantity consumed.

After the supper had been cleared away, Peter joined me on the piazza for a pipe before turning in for the night. I offered him a mattress in one of the rooms, but he declined the luxury and disappearing for a few moments returned with a hunt-

er's pack, a blanket and other needful articles for camping-out purposes; and later, made his rough couch on the hard floor of the piazza. There he slept while he remained my guest, excepting one severely rainy night when he lay wrapped in his blanket before the fire in the front room of the cottage.

Peter kept our larder amply provisioned with trout, venison and partridges, and we fared well. He was absent upon several long expeditions, starting earlier than daybreak, but always returning before dark.

Upon other days he was my almost constant companion; and as we became better acquainted he grew communicative about the traditions of his tribe, the once powerful Mohawks of the famous Iroquois Confederation,—The Five Nations,—who, for generations, made tributary the tribes of Indians lying east, south and west of their territory which they later defended and held as a bulwark against the incursions of the French in Canada upon the English settlers, our forefathers, until our war for supremacy—the Revolution—when, siding with the British troops, they became enemies to our cause. At the close of the Revolution, their Confederation was disintegrated, and they were of necessity driven or removed from their native lands,—the Mohawks chiefly across the St. Lawrence river to Indian Reservations in Ontario which still exist today.

But this is ancient history, known to almost every

school boy. My chief enjoyment of Peter's visit was to listen to his Indian traditions and legends of his tribe, given in quaint language and expression, as we smoked our pipes upon the piazza those quiet, moonlight evenings after our early supper. And the scenes of these unwritten legends I now have in mind, were on and about this very lake spread before us, rendering their recital so vivid that they stand forth before all else that I then heard from Peter—an ineffaceable memory.

"Yes, on this very lake! Almost on this very spot, my fader's fader had his wigwam. Right over there—I found the place!" And Peter pointed with a brown, knotted finger to a point of land extending into the lake, opposite, but nearly a mile away from where we sat upon my piazza.

"There is no mistake," he continued. "And *she* lived there—great many summers.

"Oh, that French man—that prisoner—he no good in the end! He damn rascal!"

To afford a better understanding of my Mohawk friend's forceful remarks and the circumstances that gave rise to them, it seems necessary to refer briefly to the conditions, far from peaceful, that had long existed between the French in Canada and the English in the States, and had become chronic before and during the early half of the eighteenth century, until finally brought to a termination, as a consequence of Wolfe's victory at Quebec. The word, "sovereignty,"—but too truly indicated the cause

for the fierce battles, ruthless reprisals and forays that drenched our country from the Atlantic coast, westward to the Mississippi river in blood, in the endeavor of our forefathers to stop the determined encroachments of the French, aided by their Indian allies, upon our western territories south of the Great Lakes, chiefly on the Illinois, Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

French officers frequently accompanied these bands of Indian allies; often, themselves in disguise as Indians; and if not directly in command, at least holding more or less control over their movements. This was especially frequent when they were engaging in incursions into the eastern states, to harass the settlers and small settlements, so that the authorities were compelled to keep sufficient troops at home to protect a large extent of country and thus weaken those forces sent to uproot the French occupation further west.

According to Peter during one of these forays, directed toward the upper Hudson river or western Massachusetts, the expedition, composed of Canada Indians led by several French officers disguised as Indians, after proceeding about half the length of Lake Champlain, was met by a large force of Iroquois Indians, who gave battle and gained a signal victory, taking many prisoners; the whites to be held for ransom. The Iroquois force was composed largely of Mohawks, and one of those captured by it was a young lieutenant named Paul Davout; under twenty years of age, but of a daring, adventur-

ous nature. He was wounded and his life was in consequence at first threatened,—a too frequent custom in those days when prisoners were wounded. But upon examination the wound did not appear sufficiently serious to interfere with travelling and it was decided by his captors to hold him with other white prisoners for ransom. Of the large force of Mohawks engaged in the attack, a band consisting of a dozen under one of the lesser Chiefs, claimed this officer as their prisoner of war, together with several Indians. And as their claim was not disputed they shortly proceeded westward toward the center of the Adirondack region with their prisoners.

The route they took to their final destination I can only conjecture; but it is possible that much of the distance could be covered by canoe, though by roundabout waterways. At all events, they finally arrived at a famous spring and camping ground on the Raquette river,—still known today as Flat Rock, and Flat Rock Spring. This is still known to have been a time-honored rendezvous of the Mohawk Indians, where councils were held for civil and military purposes, forays were planned, and reprisals were enacted upon prisoners.

The Flat Rock camp and spring were used simply for the convenience that they afforded for camping purposes. The real monument that gave its name to the rendezvous was the Rocking Stone lying about a half mile distant. This is a huge boulder, weighing upward of five hundred tons, which is perched

upon the very verge of a precipice of a hundred or more feet in depth, and is so perfectly balanced that a slight pressure from one's hand will set the immense stone rocking.

When Peter reached this point in his narrative, and I expected him to tell of the arrival of the Mohawks and their prisoners at the Flat Rock Spring, he showed a decided disinclination to make any statement as to what may have taken place at the council held among the Indians assembled there. I then surmised that he did not care to speak of the nature of their disposal of the Indian prisoners. I suggested this to him, but could get no reply; while he gave his attention strictly to cleaning the stem of his pipe and re-filling it.

After re-lighting it, he arose and descending the steps walked to the edge of the bank, gazing across the lake for many minutes. When I joined him he suddenly pointed across to the opposite shore and exclaimed:

"My fader's fader, Chief—but young for great Chief—bring that prisoner Davout to wigwam over there."

"Then it was your grandfather or great-grandfather who captured him in the fight on Lake Champlain?"

"Yes, that so. He make him prisoner. They been good friends since. How, I do not know. But it is so."

"Well, and what then?"

"They hunt together and fish together, all that

summer, and later. They just like brothers or young fader and son. But then come first trouble, or what lead to trouble."

"Well, what was that?"

This was the way that I had at times to drag his tales from his lips. His pronunciation was so broken and difficult that I will make no attempt to reproduce it, otherwise than as he referred to his ancestor. His "th" was always pronounced "d" the same as by the French Canadian lumberman.

"That was about the girl."

"Good! Now you've struck the right note. Who was the girl, and what part did she play in the drama?"

"She was my fader's fader's sister, and her fader was in Mohawk village on Mohawk river. And she spend summer with brother here. He have squaw, and two, three pappoose. But sister have nothing to do but make eyes at handsome French prisoner. And he catch on very quick. Maybe he begin it. Think likely—for he French man. And brother—my fader's fader—he see it all and not object. And bym-by Davout he marry girl—all right and honest—Indian way of marry. And they live in fine wigwam, maybe on about same spot as your cabin. But it was very fine wigwam, built of logs—and everybody speak of it, very fine!

"Now this marry to girl, happen not long after Davout brought prisoner to lake. He at first send to Montreal letter for ransom, but it don't come—maybe his letter lost—and he soon don't seem to

care. His life very pleasant. Plenty hunt, plenty fish, and nice girl, about sixteen, always at home to make eyes to. What use to go to Montreal to be soldier? Plenty time bym-by for that. Then he get marry.

"But cold winter come. Other Indians camped near, leave for Mohawk village. But some stay—for get pelts in winter. Davout—not like to go to Mohawk village. Don't like English—and too near Albany. Think may be trouble if go there. But my fader's fader he must go, and take his squaw and pappooses—and must go before ice and much snow come. Davout's squaw will soon have pappoose. He got to decide quick.

"One day Davout start early in the morning for a hunt. All day he off—and when night come he not get back. Next morning search made for him, but it not known which way he went. All that day—he cannot be found. Bym-by somebody say have missed Davout's canoe at Flat Rock on Raquette river. Then it thought he have gone down river to Canada.

"My fader's fader go after him by trail. He awful mad! But it no use. Davout have two days' start—and my fader's fader have to take squaw and pappooses and Davout's squaw to Mohawk village before deep snow comes. Nobody ever again hear of Davout."

"Well, that *was* tragic indeed, Peter. Is it the end of your yarn?"

"No, Major, there is more if you want to hear."

"Well, it is getting late, and we will have the second chapter tomorrow evening, if you don't mind."

And we forthwith retired to our couches; I, with disturbing thoughts of the treacherous Davout, who once, presumably occupied the site of my cottage during his honeymoon more than a century and a half ago; and of my self-appointed chef finally accomplishing a life long and intense longing to visit the home of his ancestors of long departed generations.

Peter's proficiency as a sportsman's cook proved to be of a very high order. The garden, comprising many acres, supplied a large variety of vegetables; the lake and the forest, fish and game; rich cream, new-laid eggs and home-made butter were in abundance; from these various sources and prepared by Peter's culinary skill, the viands placed upon our table in the cottage were unsurpassed in their excellence by any that I had ever partaken of in my forest home.

The supper ended, dishes cleared away, and cottage put to rights by Peter, my Mohawk chef, I was again joined by him upon the piazza where I was enjoying the brilliant afterglow, which gave one the impression of a terrific conflagration in the distant forest beyond the lake, with towering flames reaching half way to the zenith.

Even Peter seemed much impressed with this gorgeous spectacle, and presently exclaimed:

"That very fine; and make me think of what I heard of big fire—just here."

"How was that, Peter, and when?"

"It is that tradition I tell you of."

"Well, out with it, then, for I want to learn what became of Davout's wife."

"She dead!"

"That's not unlikely, Peter, for it must have been a hundred and fifty years ago, or more."

"I mean she dead very soon after my fader's fader leave here for Mohawk village."

"That was hard for her brother; but how did it happen? What was the cause?"

"Oh, it that damn Davout, to leave her, and she with pappoose to come. It damn wicked!—But she get sick, very sick, on way to village—but get there at last—and soon pappoose is born. It a girl. And then squaw die very soon. My fader's fader made great Chief. He little Chief before. His squaw take care of Davout pappoose, and it grow up fine looking girl—almost white. Look most like white folks. My fader's fader great Chief then —very proud of Davout girl, and get her schooling—maybe in Albany. But she always come back to his wigwam. She like it best—always.

"And most years he come to his camp on this lake. And she come—sometimes. Her name Pauline—Pauline Davout. That name her mother want her have. Davout's name Paul. And he tell her it to be Pauline if a girl. She never give him up

till she died—but hope—hope—hope he will come again.

"Then French driven out of Canada by British. Great soldier, that Wolfe! He begin fight, at Quebec.

"My fader's fader he go fight at Ticonderoga, and at Crown Point. Get many scalps. He another great warrior. It make me feel proud to think of him!—He keep eyes out for Davout—but never see him. Maybe best it was so!"

"But what about the girl, Peter? You have something to tell of her?"

"Yes, that is the next trouble that come. The first was the run away of her father—that break her mother's heart.

"Yes, that what kill her mother—not strong from getting from wigwam here to Mohawk village—and with pappoose to come—and hope, hope, hope—and sometimes despair. Oh, Indian girl can love like best white girl! But she say nothing—keep it all to herself—but feel it, all the same!

"Davout girl tall like mother—straight up as tree, and all say very good looking, with face like father. That what tradition says. British officers like her much, and some Mohawk Chiefs too. She go to dance—ball given by officers, and one officer she dance with there—he come to wigwam in Mohawk village often,—to see her. He not like much some Indian Chiefs there, and they not like him—think all jealous, for all like Davout girl—she so fine looking.

"Bym-by spring come and my fader's fader take family to this lake and bring girl too. Then officer with four or five friends and guides, come here in the summer, and camp on this lake.

"My fader's fader have quite lot of hunters of his tribe with him. It great place to hunt all about here. When British officer—his name Percival—get here, he find other Chief here after the girl. They look black at each other. But the girl she like officer best—so it seems—for she turn cold shoulder to Mohawk Chief.

"But he very mad!

"My fader's fader, he say it none of *his* business. He sit still and look on. But he say he like officer, if he want to marry girl—and will marry her English fashion, in church. Maybe he say that to Percival—I don't know.

"But the girl not yet say 'yes' to Percival. And Mohawk Chief been with her all summer.

"One day Percival out hunting and kill deer. Mohawk Chief he hunting too, and say it his deer Percival kill. One bullet kill it. Percival say it's his bullet—Mohawk say it's his. They speak much hot words, but Percival keep the deer.

"Things getting bad. Something must break. And that something come!

"Chief go to Davout girl and ask her—white man fashion—to be his wife—he got good wigwam and take good care of her. She say 'no', and laugh in his face. He go off looking very black—cross lake, to Percival's camp, and Percival order him to

leave camp as Chief speak very ugly to him. He very foolish to show how ugly he is. But it put Percival on guard—and this was good—for he hardly get much distance from Percival when he turn about, and fire his gun at him. But Percival see, and get behind tree, and bullet hit 'nother man in camp, but not bad.

"Nobody knows what will happen next. Looks like war. Percival protect his camp with logs. Knows that large body of Indians can, in one day, be got together by this Chief if they take his side. He think he will cross lake and see my fader's fader. Think it about time to speak. My fader's fader say to Percival—his camp shall not be attacked. But that night, Chief with some of his friends try to steal Davout girl—but she too quick for them. Then shots are fired at Percival camp, but nobody hit.

"It look very black all about lake. There may be big fight soon. My fader's fader do what he can—but other Chief gone to Flat Rock with many braves to hold council—about six miles to Flat Rock—and have camp there.

"Then Davout girl say there must be no fighting, and my fader's fader must go with her to Flat Rock. He tell her it is not safe for her to go. She say she don't care—she must stop them from attack on Percival's camp. She very brave girl, and learn much in towns on Mohawk river. She not quite white girl—but different from Indian girl—more go in her!

"She and my fader's fader then go in canoe down Raquette river to Flat Rock Camp, and hold council with Chief and his warriors there. And much hot words spoken by Chief—but my fader's fader he keep peace.

"Davout girl tell braves at council—if they attack Percival's camp she will go there and fight with him—and if he killed, she will die too so Chief can't get her. This make Chief more mad, but he say he don't believe her—and then he get very mad.

"But there is some talk among other Indians who think heap of Davout girl.

"Then my fader's fader he get her into canoe—though she want stay and talk more—and they go up river to carry, and get home to wigwam on lake —over there.

"And that night she learn that attack will be made on Percival's camp in morning before daylight come.

"It dark that night—no moon, and some clouds—and Davout girl go quiet to her canoe and paddle across lake to Percival camp—and come up to cabin with gun in her hand. Percival surprised to see her—and he don't know that she been to Flat Rock.

"She say she come to warn him that attack will be made that morning. He tell her, he is all ready for attack, and he try to make her go back across lake—she won't go—but show him her rifle.

"Then he tell her she must not be exposed to bullets from Indians,—and so to make him quiet she go inside of cabin.

"In very little time, warning come of Indians from scout sent out by Percival. Then fire started in woods, wind side of camp—to drive Percival people out. Woods very dry that time of year. Mohawks mean shoot when fire make Percival people leave camp to go to lake with canoes.

"Fire come quick before wind—and sparks soon get thick over camp. Percival start back fire—but it no use—wind too strong. Wish it would blow up rain—but it don't.

"It look very bad for Percival.

"Then he think must take to canoes. But that just what Indians want. And Percival know it. And now he have Davout girl to protect—and there will be no shelter for her—from log camp till get good way off on lake. And Indians have plenty shelter to fire from—and will be out of sight. Forest fire make all bright on shore and on lake—but smoke getting very thick at camp.

"Just about then, Indians begin fire, and bullets strike log breastwork, and cabin, and some go over. It no use to fire back, for smoke so thick and Indians out of sight. But Indians give loud war-whoop which sound just other side of fire. That show some are near.

"Then Percival look round to give order to his men, and find Davout girl standing close to him. He speak sharp to her and order her to go into cabin. But she jump up on log breastwork quick—and Percival try to stop her—but she don't let him—and then she call out loud in Mohawk language:

" 'I, Pauline Davout, am here! If you attack this camp, you fight me who belong to you!'

"It then all still in forest—but crack of fire—and her voice very clear and strong, and tradition say like music—go far!

"She get down from log and lay her rifle over it—pointed where attack would be. Some time go by and fire getting nearer, and smoke getting thick, before sound come.

"Then gun was fired in woods—not far off—then another gun—then another—till many guns fired off—but no bullets come into camp—and each gun sound farther and farther away.

"That was reply of Mohawks to Mohawk girl.—And she understand!"

"It was a grand act of Pauline, Peter, and quite likely saved many lives then, and much trouble thereafter. That girl was a heroine!"

"Yes, she brave girl. It her Mohawk blood speak!"

Peter pulled vigorously at his pipe, evidently lost in mental contemplation of the scene he had conjured up from long ago, as he had heard it recounted in ancient tradition. And to me, an additional interest was given it by the fact assured by Peter that I was then upon the very spot where this half breed Indian girl's chivalrous act was enacted.

Yes, it was a commanding spot for the log house built by Davout many years earlier, and selected by Percival for his camp owing to its fine situation upon the lake and the small clearing made by

"I, Pauline Davout, am here!"

Davout which it also afforded him. And I could see how readily a light breastwork might have been constructed of hastily felled trees, to add strength to the remains of the old log house and afford protection against the anticipated attack of the Indians,—all accomplished in a few hours by his guides and hunters, so expert in handling the axe.

Then came thoughts of the girl, crossing the lake at night, alone in her canoe, to save if possible the man she loved, or to fight to the death at his side. Was that not heroic, chivalrous? All done with no other thought than that she loved the man,—and that they must live or if need be die together! And upon this very spot where I was seated.

I glanced at Peter, who, also, seemed to be lost in reflections similar in nature to my own. His pipe was lying beside him where he sat upon the upper step of the piazza, and his head was bowed, supported between his hands, almost to his knees.

"Peter," I exclaimed, "are you asleep?"

Peter raised his head, and seemed trying to get back from a dreamland to his present environment.

Then as if not quite successful, he repeated his earlier remark:

"Yes, she brave girl! It her Mohawk blood speak!"

"And you have the same ancestral blood in your veins, Peter?"

"Yes, I proud of that girl! It her Mohawk blood that speak, to save Percival!"

"Give a little credit to her French origin, Peter."

"No, that Davout! He damn rascal! She all Mohawk,—all but white face! That so!"

Peter was stubborn in this belief, and also, like all of his people, could never forget nor forgive what he considered to be an injury to himself or to his tribe.

"But that is not the end of your tradition, Peter. What became of Pauline, and Percival her lover whom she had saved, and of his companions?"

"No, that not end—other things happened. When Percival people sure Indians really gone away—and it not for ambush,—they try to put out fire—but it no use—woods too dry, and it bym-by burn most round lake. They get camp things into canoes and cross lake to my fader's fader's wigwam.

"Percival then tell him—he will marry Davout girl—and English fashion, in Albany. My fader's fader, he say 'All right.'

"Then 'nother trouble begin. You know I told you—one of Percival's men shot when Chief fire at Percival. He hunter—half breed. He not shot very bad—but that make no difference.—He shot! He shot by Mohawk Indian Chief—and he must have revenge. That all right for Indian half of him! Yes, that so! But it must not be—or it bad for Percival—as he is one of Percival's men.

"Percival talk to half breed hunter—but it no use. Then he say he will tie him up. That bad, for half breed get off in forest, quick—and can't be found—but his trail lead to Flat Rock.

"Then my fader's fader he send runner to Chief

at Flat Rock to tell him—look out for half breed. But Chief no more his friend, as he not give him Davout girl for his squaw.

"Then he tell Percival he better pack up, and go up Raquette river and get back to Albany, quick. He say he won't go and leave Davout girl behind. She say same too.

"Then my fader's fader he think and think,—and bym-by, pretty soon he say—'it late in year and woods on fire all round,—and he will go too, with his squaw and pappooses.' So they all start up Raquette river and long chain of lakes.

"And it just as well, and better so—for they learn after, of much trouble at Flat Rock from half breed who try to kill Chief—but get himself killed. And then Chief and some of Mohawks there, mad again with Percival people because half breed one of them.

"They get to Albany all right, and then my fader's fader go to see marry of Davout girl and Percival—English fashion—in church. Officers in red coats there—great many—Davout girl so fine looking—and may be they hear some of what happen here."

"I don't doubt it, Peter, and if I know my people rightly, how much they said and did in her honor."

"Yes, she brave girl—and very fine looking."

"Well, and what then, Peter?"

"That all, except bym-by Percival take his squaw—mean wife—to his home in England—but

they come back in two, three years, and live in New York state.

"My fader's fader see them very often till he very old man.

"May be their children's children here now—but tradition don't tell."

CHAPTER II

The Rocking Stone and Flat Rock Spring were always favorite topics with Mohawk Peter. After a tramp in the woods for small game or to inspect some distant lumber tract, or upon returning from a canoe excursion on lake or river, supper ended, Peter would again settle himself upon the steps of the cottage piazza, and without much persuasion would launch into some tale of those distant, but to him proud days, when his ancestors held dominion over this great Adirondack territory and far beyond it, until later days when the influx of pale faces from beyond the great sea gradually curtailed their possessions, and their people were finally forced across the St. Lawrence river to their present reservation in Canada. And sometimes he would hold me in rapt suspense as his narrative, quaintly worded, and with frequent long pauses, developed thrilling situations.

"Peter, you have spoken of councils being held at Flat Rock camp. What more have you to tell of events that happened there?"

"That Rocking Stone the real place for council to be held, but it too high up on hill, and no water for camp, so all done at Flat Rock just on bank of Raquette river, as I told you.

"Fine place for that! War post in middle of camp. Braves dance round it—after council, before go on war path. But I don't like to speak some

other things my people do there. Better for pale face not to know. It no good! It Indian deviltry!"

"Well, fire away at what you think this pale face may care to hear. We have a long evening before us. That sunset is fine, Peter!"

"Yes, Major, that sunset make me think of war —it look so red. War that burn, and burn up Indian towns and French towns—way back when tradition of my people say French first come to Canada and build towns and forts.

"They make friends with Canada Indians; but they always enemies of Mohawks—ever since Champlain come to lake he name for himself, and fight Mohawks there. He foolish man to do that. Better make friends.

"I read about that, as you know I have schooling. But I hear of much tradition not in books—been told from fader to son from way back—long way! And what I tell you my fader tell me; and of this very lake and Rocking Stone and council camp—just on your land.

"And I say that councils been held here long before any pale face ever come across sea to this land to settle—long before Canada or States known to pale face people.

"Before my fader's fader have his wigwam here —other side lake—when he come here to hunt and fish and get pelts—or hold council at Flat Rock camp,—for I tell you my fader's fader was great Mohawk Chief,—Mohawks have much fight with French on Lake Champlain and St. Lawrence river

—as I have told you about,—Mohawks very brave and carry fight across river into Canada, and French try to break them—and Oneidas and Onondagas this side of river, and burn villages.

"It always bitter fight—but prisoners sometimes taken on both sides. If Indians taken by French, they turned over to Canada Indians—Algonquins and Hurons who do most of fighting for French. But if prisoners taken by Iroquois be Indians, then they taken into tribes,—what you call adopted,—or else burned at stake—but if French, then most always kept for ransom. It pay better—in way you will see.

"One time it was French officer and French girl taken prisoner by Mohawk—he fader of girl.

"Traditions say she was very fine looking. Her fader, captain of French soldiers. His name Bonaparte—like same as Emperor I read about. And his girl name Julie. They captured when riding through forest on Montreal island. Soldiers with them killed in fight, but they kept for ransom.

"They taken across river, and as French soldiers follow soon, they go up Raquette river by canoe and brought to Flat Rock council camp. It all done so quick! They here before they know it!

"The captain want to send runner to Montreal for ransom, but Chief promise but not let him go. And bym-by it turn out that Chief want to make French girl—Julie—his squaw.

"Now he big Chief, and he got no squaw—and it not so bad. But French girl very proud!—so

proud she keep Chief off—and fader have much to say to Chief—and for time he keep Chief from taking girl for squaw.

"Chief could kill captain—burn him at council camp—but then he lose ransom for him— and think can get much. And also can get ransom for him from British at Albany.

"From French he get money and blankets. From British he get guns and powder, and blankets—which is better! So he bym-by send runner to Albany for get ransom for captain—how much?

"But runner not very close mouth—and tell about fine looking girl—daughter of Captain Bonaparte—at Flat Rock camp.

"This make much talk. Some people think it too bad for French girl to be there prisoner. And then it get out how Chief want to make her his squaw and she no like it. I think this runner must have got fire-water—he tell so much. Very bad for Mohawk Indian! He should keep mouth close shut!"

"It's a wise and safe maxim to follow, Peter. Stick to it,—after you have left here to return home, my friend."

"Yes, Major, my mouth very close shut, only I tell *you* traditions of my people—my fader tell *me*. That all right to tell. That what it for.

"Albany people send to Mohawk Chief by runner that ransom will be paid in guns, powder and blankets for French captain and girl—but both must come together, or no ransom paid.

"Chief very mad, and send runner to Montreal and he most likely get fire-water too, for he talk a good deal there, same as one in Albany, and French say must have girl back with captain—or will come up Raquette river for prisoners with big army.

"This make Chief laugh—for he say they can't get here.—But he mad all the same!

"Then one day, curious thing happen. Sun all grow black like night, in middle of day—and no clouds in sky. Indians all very much scare—and French girl tell Chief it because she and her fader kept prisoner. But Chief, he may be scare—but not much—and it all grow light again bym-by.

"Then have great wind—what you call torna-do—and trees tumble down all around. Girl say that another sign Great Spirit mad.

"That not scare Chief. He very brave man!

"But what you think scare him?

"Captain have little compass in his pocket, which he not show, because he expect to use it if he can escape. And one day Chief see it on floor of wig-wam. Girl see his surprise, and then make him think it devil. Anyway, she very smart girl, and he very much surprise at what she do.

"She hold little piece iron in her hand, and then tell compass needle to follow her finger round box —and it do as she say—and scare Chief—for he better to her and to captain, after. But still keep them prisoner.

"French captain very brave and try to escape

down Raquette river with girl—but it no use—Indians get him every time.

"Then one day another runner come from Canada—this time from Quebec—with word that big ransom will be paid for Captain and girl—when brought to place near Montreal on river—but both must come!

"Still Chief not act, as he want girl for squaw—but afraid to make her so—she is so proud—and he think she got magic.

"It all plain to you and me now, Major, about compass—but that was long time ago—and Indians not educate like me now."

"Yes, Peter, you have made much of your opportunities for educating yourself like pale faces."

"Yes, much! Most could get!"

"Well, about the lady and the captain? Was there a tiger there?"

"Don't know about tiger—but Chief was about as mad as tiger cat could be, when one day British officers with big lot soldiers and guides come down Raquette river in canoes to Flat Rock camp—and say come to take French captain and girl, prisoners, to Albany—telling Chief, ransom in guns and powder and blankets would be paid him when he come there for it.

"Chief say will take ransom for captain—but will keep girl for his squaw. And before British captain—whose name was Vincent—know it,—girl can't be found—gone off, nobody knows where.

"All look for French girl, but nobody can find her—and Chief say he don't know where she gone.

"Then French captain tell British captain something—and British captain tell Chief and some of his braves to come across river with him and his soldiers, in canoes.

"Chief say it no use. Girl not there,—but he go all the same.

"They all land together at trail that go to Rocking Stone, and go up hill to Rocking Stone.

"Then Captain Vincent say to Chief, 'Bring French girl, prisoner, here before sun so high'—as he point.

"Chief say, she lost—he can't find her.

"Then—captain tell soldiers to cut down spruce tree, and trim it off for big pole. Indians stand round and look on—and can't guess what captain do with pole. Then captain tell soldiers to put one end of pole under Rocking Stone—far as can get him—and tell all to take hold of pole, and lift up—and roll stone down into valley.

"Then Chief and braves make big talk, and captain stop men just as stone begin to move much, and hold it, so one more lift will send it down to valley—thousand feet—and he have soldiers chock it so.

"Just then it look as if there would be fight, for Indians very mad—and Chief tell captain that Rocking Stone belong to whole tribe of Mohawks—and Mohawks will fight whole British nation if stone is rolled into valley.

"Then captain say, 'Bring French girl prisoner here, or stone will go into valley!'

"Chief and braves talk together—and bym-by Chief say to captain that French girl will be in Flat Rock camp.

"Captain say he will stay at Rocking Stone one hour—and he point to sun. If girl is not brought to him here when sun is so high—Rocking Stone will go over into valley.

"Then Chief speak few words quiet to braves and start down trail to river with those he talked to. But captain tell him come back, and then say: 'All you my prisoners until French girl brought here.' And he order soldiers to cover Indians with their guns.

"Then captain tell one Indian brave that he pick out, to go for girl. It seem very long time to captain that he had to wait after brave gone for girl, and he think may be treachery—for he send scouts out to see. But it not so long as it seem to him—for—before hour is up, squaw is seen coming up trail with two, three Indians; but when she get close up, she speak out, and they know it French girl—but her face and hands all stained color of Indian squaw—so nobody would know her for white girl.

"Captain Vincent and French officer both very mad, when they learn how French girl been treated to hide her away. But it no use to be mad—and they glad enough to get her back. Then captain tell

Chief and his braves that Rocking Stone will not be sent into valley, and they free to go back to Flat Rock camp. They all go down trail to canoes, and pretty soon captain and his soldiers leave Flat Rock and go up river with the two French prisoners."

"But that is not the end, Peter?" I asked, as he came to a longer pause than usual. "I hope the captain and his prisoners arrived safely in Albany. How did they get there?"

"What I tell you, Major, is all tradition—and it tells but little more. They go to Albany, same way they come. They go up Raquette river and through long chain of lakes to carry that go to Hudson river—all easy—Indian way."

"Well, what did tradition tell you became of the French Captain Bonaparte and his daughter Julie?"

"Bym-by Chief go to Albany to get his ransom for prisoners—in guns, powder and blankets—and he learn that French girl consent to get marry to captain who save her from what she call 'awful fate'. I don't know—maybe it so—as she think. But he was great Chief—that Mohawk at Flat Rock, who want her for his squaw—and she make fine squaw—so very good looking."

"No doubt, Peter, she did make an extra fine squaw. I wish we had her like here."

"Would you make her marry you?"

"Possibly she would not agree to that, Peter. But besides yourself, I think she would be excellent company."

"Oh, yes! that so—but maybe she would not like my cooking—she so proud!" Dear old Peter—who had passed his sixtieth summer, yet still a child, for all his being "educate."

CHAPTER III

Early one fine autumnal morning Peter and I, in a very light canoe—a mere shell—made an excursion through the outlet of Lake Massawepie into Grasse river. Noon, however, brought a sudden change in the weather, and on our return early in the afternoon, upon reaching the lake we met the fore-runners of a furious gale of wind, which increased in violence as we paddled onward, breasting it. The canoe was heavily laden for such a frail craft, for, beside ourselves it contained the body of a large buck that had been killed on our return through the outlet, which brought the gunwales too low in the water for safety among the rapidly rising waves.

Half way through the lake we reached a high, rocky promontory, and, as much water had already been shipped, we headed for a landing place intending to remain upon the shore until the worst of the gale was over, which promised to be soon. The deer and canoe cared for, Peter and I ascended the rock to an old, dilapidated log camp, which, however, might afford protection from the rain that was beginning to fall in torrents. And as our clothes were already wet, a fire was quickly built, and we proceeded to make ourselves fairly comfortable upon a pile of balsam boughs found in the cabin.

Our pipes were produced, filled and lighted, and I then asked Peter if this was his first visit to Rocky Point, by which name this peninsula is known at Lake Massawepie. I received no immediate reply from Peter, but rapid puffs at his old black pipe emitting volumes of smoke which curled upward and around him, and other indications that had now become familiar, warned me that preparation was being made to relate some circumstance that I might trust would be of interest to hear, as well as to agreeably occupy the time of our forced wait. What he finally told me was indeed a surprise.

"This fine place for camp, Major," was his first response to my inquiry.

"Yes, Peter, one of the most attractive on the lake."

"No, I mean it good for camp because it command lake, and easy to defend. Camp place Indians would come to, if they don't feel quite safe from attack, if other Indians not friendly are about."

"Well, Peter, what are you driving at this time? Have you got another tradition up your sleeve?"

"You read about Pontiac, Major?"

"Oh, yes, Chief of the Ottawas; enemy of the British; friend and ally of the French in Canada; great warrior, conspirator, but cruel, treacherous, merciless to his enemies! What of him?"

"He camp once right where you are now sitting!"

I did not jump but I must have expressed surprise in some noticeable manner, for the glimmer of a smile hovered in Peter's eyes, and his next

exclamation: "Oh, he dead!" might have been given to re-assure me of the present safety of my scalp from Pontiac's knife and vengeance. Peter seemed to enjoy these surprises or sudden shocks so much, that I often tried to gratify him as occasion would afford me the opportunity.

"And what brought Pontiac to this lake, Peter? It must have been a risky matter for him to come here, who was so pronounced an enemy of the Iroquois nation, as well as of their friends and allies, the British."

"Now, Major, if you want tradition, I can give you what I hear from my people, but that not always like what I read about in Parkman books and other histories. They tell a good deal, but not all. They right, all they tell, but they don't know everything.

"Flat Rock—that you know about—was greater council place than you think. Mohawk councils most always held in long house at Mohawk river settlement—but some councils held at Flat Rock to be way off from British soldiers. And *they* don't know anything about it.—That so!

"Pontiac—one time—want to hold council with Mohawks—and not on Mohawk river as it too near British—his great enemy, and that he hate bad. This just before time he mean to attack fort at Detroit, and he want to get Mohawks to go fight with him. He have great promises to make to Mohawks of scalps, plunder, and money from French.

"Well, some Mohawks willing to hear what he have to say, and council called for meeting at Flat Rock. It very big council, for great many Mohawks come there.

"And Pontiac he come up Grasse river from Canada with party of braves, and camp just here on these rocks,—so my fader say,—so can be near Flat Rock for council—and way all open to get back to Grasse river and Canada if council don't go his way.

"That the way tradition say he come. It great thing for him to come all that way—through land of his enemies—Mohawks and Oneidas—but I think he get what you call flag of truce—safe conduct—and Indian never break such promise with other Indian—though don't always keep it with pale face. That bad for pale face!

"Anyway, he get here all right with his braves, and camp just on these rocks where we now sitting.

"He great warrior—that Pontiac. He want to drive British into the sea and have country all back again for Indians. That what he say, anyway. It good plan for Indians if he can do it—and he think if he can get Mohawks to join, other Iroquois nations will come too—as he already got Senecas. That Seneca big nation! Mohawks great, powerful nation too, and have heap influence with other Iroquois.

"Pontiac so anxious to get Mohawks that he come himself to talk at council. That the reason he not send other Chiefs. He great man to talk.

He could win over the Bad Spirit—the devil—with his tongue. But he can't quite win over Mohawks altogether.

"He come pretty near it—though!—Almost!

"Good many young men and some older, Chiefs and braves, want to go for scalps, plunder and French money, but Englishman on Mohawk river named Johnson—too strong for Pontiac—and have already held council with Mohawk chiefs."

"Sir William Johnson, Peter?"

"Yes, he friend of Mohawks always! He great man that Johnson, and Mohawks always listen to him. He never lie to them. They say he know what best for Mohawks—and he always tell what he believe best! But it not settled at first council at Flat Rock—which way for Pontiac. It all uncertain,—so many want to go fight at Detroit.

"Now strange thing happen when Pontiac is on this lake. Prisoner escape from Mohawks and come here to Pontiac camp. He French soldier—prisoner—three, four years; but his life saved and he adopted into tribe as Mohawk—and he make married to squaw—and they have pappoose.

"He tell Pontiac he must take him to Canada.

"Pontiac ask 'What for?'

"He say he have white squaw and pappoose in Canada, and Pontiac friend of French and must take him. Then Pontiac say, he have nothing to do with Mohawk prisoners, and as he been adopted by tribe he must stay with it.

"That squaw-man,—that what Indians call him

because he make marry—Indian way—to Mohawk squaw,—he make sure he must go back to Canada with Pontiac. But how? That make him think—and think—and think.

"Mohawks at Flat Rock also believe he try to get away with Pontiac—or why he go to see him in camp? And as he squaw-man and belong to tribe—they mean kill him if he get away. That Indian law! He killed and scalped if he caught getting away.

"Now his squaw, she believe like other Mohawks that he mean to get to Canada with Pontiac, if he can. And she jealous, for she know he got squaw in Canada. And maybe that Canada squaw young and fine looking—more than she. And while he think, and think, she don't think much—but she act!

"Now what you think she do?

"Well, you never would guess.

"She go to her fader, who is pretty old Chief, and tell him what he must do. And he go to Pontiac and tell him he must take Frenchman to Canada.

"Pontiac ask, 'Why?'

"Because he bring bad luck to Mohawks while he here, and Mohawks won't kill him because he squaw-man, and they afraid because he got blue and red devil on his arm that make bad luck to Mohawks if they kill him.

"What you think is devil on his arm? I know now, but Mohawks in those days long ago, think

it on his arm when he born—and bring bad luck to anyone that kill him. It French saint pricked on his arm with needle and ink—blue and red ink—that all it is! Squaw, she know what it is and ain't afraid, but she make her fader act with Pontiac as if she is,—for she don't want to lose her squaw-man.

"Then Pontiac say to Chief,—if that so, it bring bad luck to him—Pontiac—if French squaw-man go with him.

"That just what Mohawk chief want Pontiac to think, though he talk other way to Pontiac. So he go back to Flat Rock camp and tell squaw it all right, and her squaw-man won't go to Canada with Pontiac.

"But French squaw-man he mean to go anyway. And he have much to buck against,—Mohawks—his squaw—her fader—and Pontiac. It pretty hard—what you call 'row to hoe'—that he have! Yes! All against him—and maybe he get scalped! Now what you think he do? He can't go again to Pontiac camp,—here on this lake. Mohawks all know what he after and won't let him. They don't tie him because he squaw-man—but he find out he can't leave Flat Rock camp. But next time Pontiac come to Flat Rock to hold council, squaw-man get one Ottawa brave into his wigwam and show him blue and red French saint on his arm, and he tell him it bring good luck or bad luck just as he wish! Then he hold his arm up straight, and he talk some French. Indian don't understand

—but get scared when he tell him he now under spell of blue and red saint—and bad luck will come to Pontiac and all his braves if they don't take him to Canada to make good luck for them. But *he* must take him to Canada to make good luck for them. But he must not tell Pontiac till they get far away to Canada—but hide him from Pontiac till then.

"Squaw-man know that if Mohawks go to Detroit to fight English for French—they not let him go too—as he would escape to his people in Canada, and never come back to his squaw and pappoose at Flat Rock, That so! That just what he mean to do! He like to help French—his people—but he want to help himself the best. Maybe he can do both, so he think,—but he must get to Canada, anyway.

"At council held that day, it most seem as if Mohawks would have war dance and go to Detroit. And Pontiac, he come back to Lake camp—just here—where you sitting—and feel sure he got Mohawks. Next day Mohawks send runner with wampum war belt to Pontiac, and say Mohawks will get many braves together and go to Detroit and fight English for scalps and plunder and French money. Come soon!

"Then Pontiac break camp and start back to Canada quick. He always in a hurry, whatever he do. He great for make surprise. That one reason why he great warrior. Take enemy by surprise! But he get surprise himself sometime! One day

when got about half way to Canada,—and as I tell you, they travel very quick for Pontiac in great hurry to get back there,—Mohawk runner come into camp. He most used up, he come so quick. But he throw down war token at Pontiac's feet,—bunch of arrows tied with snake skin. Council held quick, and Pontiac ask runner what it for—his war token.

"Then runner tell Pontiac it because he take French prisoner from Flat Rock—and he with him in his camp.

"Pontiac say, 'it not so!'

"Then runner get up and leave council and camp—for he think he know Pontiac lie.

"Pontiac call him back—and he make inquire—and squaw-man is found—and all stained and painted like Ottawa Indian—and hiding among his braves.

"He brought to Pontiac—but he look very much scared. Then he show Pontiac blue and red saint or devil, on his arm, and tell him he come along to bring good luck to Ottawas. And he talk some more about what he will do for Pontiac to make him have good luck.

"Pontiac speak no word, but all of sudden his tomahawk go crash through skull of French squaw-man, while he talking. Pontiac rip off scalp and hand it to Mohawk runner to take to council at Flat Rock camp. What Pontiac say or do to his braves for bringing squaw-man along, tradition don't tell,

for Mohawk runner turn about and take trail back to Flat Rock. But tradition does say: 'That was reason Mohawks were not in fight at Fort Detroit.' "

CHAPTER IV

THE only rainy day that we encountered during Peter's visit to Camp Sorghum was a very drenching one, and I gave much of it to correspondence, accounts and such matters. Peter meanwhile passed the morning over magazines that had accumulated in the cottage during the summer, and which seemed to afford him, at leisure moments, much entertainment. After our early dinner that rainy day, Peter disappeared, but turned up in season to prepare our supper of trout that he had meanwhile secured.

In the evening, sitting before the cheerful, blazing log fire, listening to the rain as it pattered on the roof, I referred to the magazines that he had been reading.

"Yes, Major, they good to read. But white folks' ways so different from Indian ways, I don't sometimes understand. I always like magazines from States—see them in Canada. I read much—I get good schooling at Ottawa Reservation—and some at Ottawa as I told you—I much educate. It so good to be educate! I learn heap things from books—histories—all about my people—and French and British—long ago when first come to this country—and drive out Indians. That very bad for Indians—but maybe better in end, all ways! If pale face don't come here, how can I be educate—as I am—which is good?"

"And those magazines would be but waste paper, to you, Peter; only useful to kindle the fire."

"That so—but then if I don't know about educate, I don't miss!—Indian in old time, when pale face first come—very good in his way when let alone; but dog and fox won't mix and live in peace together. One must go—whichever the strongest."

"Yes, Peter, that's been the way all over the world from the beginning."

"But it hard for Indian, Major. Soldier say, 'No good Indian but dead Indian!'—Yes, but s'pose Indian say, 'No good pale face but dead pale face!' How that?"

"I think the Indians have tried to prove that ruling, Peter, a good many times on the pale faces."

"Oh, yes, but that long ago! But why? Squaw will fight like wild cat for her pappoose—Yes!—Mohawk fight to save his home and hunting ground. That all right! And he don't say—but maybe he think very hard—good pale face is dead pale face! But that, way back—long ago—and we all good friends now. Let's forget!"

"That's right, Peter,—the hatchet is buried! We will smoke another pipe of peace, and end this rainy evening with a legend. Your legends of the two white girls,—the Davout girl for she was almost white, and the French girl Julie,—were especially interesting to me, as the scenes were upon this lake and in its neighborhood; but there certainly were legends in which Indian girls played their

parts, that have been handed down to you in traditions?"

"Indian girl not much for do things like white girl; but she must get marry—and Indians sometimes not get her easy.—Maybe I tell you something that I learn from tradition, of my own people."

Peter pulled hard at his old black pipe for awhile, emitting great volumes of smoke which were drawn into the wide fireplace; then, calling my attention to it, resumed:

"That's the way most Indian tribes go now—all lost like smoke up chimney. But it was not so when my fader's fader had his wigwam on Lake Massawepie—on that point—over there—across the lake. He great Chief—as I often tell you. And you think I am all Mohawk?—I am Mohawk—yes—but I am Oneida too. My fader's fader's squaw—Oneida. She daughter of Oneida Chief. He Chief of one tribe of Oneidas. His village west of here—about twenty miles—on Oswegatchie river. Oneida Chief with braves—he come to Flat Rock camp, for hold council about French on St. Lawrence river, in Oneida country—who burn Oneida village there and make settlement. It first time French try to make settlement this side river in Oneida country. And Oneidas very mad!—and want help right off!

"My fader's fader—he young man then—he hold council at Flat Rock with Oneida Chief—and he glad to fight French—always. And he get braves together, and they all go to Oneida village with

Oneida Chief, and hold big council there—and have war dance—with Oneidas and some Onondaga braves who there, too, But before they go to fight French, my fader's fader he see Chief's daughter—she called Bird-that-Sings, in your language—and want to make her his squaw.—and she look at him pleasant. But her fader say she is to be squaw of Chief of another Oneida village. My fader's fader say to himself—she shall be his squaw, and sing for him!

"Then they all go to fight French in new settlement on St. Lawrence river. And it big fight, but French soldiers too much for them, and they go back to Oneida village, and French keep settlement for some time longer. Then Oneida Chief and his braves very mad—and my fader's fader very mad, too, but not so mad as Oneidas—as it not in Mohawk country—those French! Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas make Iroquois nation. Tuscaroras come later when it found they good fighters. And it great many Indians for French to fight if come all together.

"My fader's fader, young, but he much big warrior then—and Oneida Chief know it—and at council in Oneida village, want him to help get braves from all Iroquois nation to fight French with Oneidas.

"My fader's fader, he glad enough to do that for he mad at French who kill his braves in last fight. And he always glad to fight French, and French Canada Indians—Algonquins and Hurons.

But he say he can't do all that, but he might get braves from Mohawk villages on Mohawk river. But he want that Chief's daughter for squaw first. And he tell him so when they alone together.

"Oneida Chief tell him again—it can't be—for she for squaw of Oneida Chief when he come for her.

"Then my fader's fader he look again at Chief's daughter—Bird-that-Sings—and she look at him—and they both understand. And my fader's fader—he say to himself, that Oneida Chief must be quick if he want to get that girl for his squaw and live in his wigwam. And he start with his braves up Oswegatchie river for this lake. But Oneida Chief come after him quick, and tell him again what he want—to get braves from Mohawk villages on Mohawk river. And my fader's fader he say he must have his daughter for his squaw first.

"Then they have some talk together, and Oneida Chief say he will come to Rocking Stone with braves and have council—in two days.

"Then he go back to village—and my fader's fader, he go on a little way with his braves, and then stop, and send his braves on to this lake. That just before dark. Next morning Oneida girl is in wigwam of my fader's fader—just over there across lake. Next day, Oneida Chief come with braves, and Chief come, too, who wanted girl for his squaw.

"To get from Oswegatchie river to Rocking

Stone council camp at Flat Rock, you know, must come through this lake.

"My fader's fader, he meet Oneidas in his canoe —just little way from point, over there.

"They all seem very mad—don't say much, but look that way. But Oneida Chief who lose girl for squaw, he speak very hot words—he so mad!

"Then my fader's fader say, very quiet, 'Girl you can't have back! She my squaw! If you all want fight—see—there my braves—and Mohawks won't help you drive French from Oneida country! Which you have—fight here, or hold council at Flat Rock?'

"Then Oneida Chief talk quiet to Chief who lose girl for squaw—and then give signal, and canoes head to landing where trail go to Flat Rock on Raquette river. And at council that day all smoke pipe of peace with my fader's fader. I don't think there would been fight any way. I think Oneida girl's fader was glad—for my fader's fader was great warrior—and strong man for friend—but it not do—anytime—to make mad, Chief who wanted his daughter for squaw.

"Maybe he help it on a little—for he got to have help from Mohawk villages on Mohawk river. And he know my fader's fader mean just what he say—always!"

"Peter, I hope that you are a chip of the old block, and that you won your squaw as dramatically as your father's father did your grandmother."

"No, Major, my squaw she come easy, and she dead. My boys and girls all marry. I have good farm, cattle, horses. My children take good care, so I can come here on visit, and see home of my fader's fader."

"You are fortunate, Peter, in being so well fixed at your Canada home; and I am much impressed by the sentiment attached to your visit to this ancient home of your ancestors. It was a fine thing to do, Peter! What you learned from books, as well as from tradition, must have had its share in your coming here."

"Yes, Major, books help. They educate me much about this old Mohawk country. But I am not the first Mohawk of my people that is educate! —Oh, no!—And it long ago—long time!"

"Well, let's have the tradition, Peter."

Peter, without replying, arose from his seat upon a low box before the fire, and with noiseless tread, disappeared through the doorway upon the piazza —presently returning with a big log for the fire. The latter arranged to his satisfaction, he resumed his seat, refilling his black pipe, lighted it from a red hot coal picked up and held in the palm of his hand, as though it had no fire in it, and then condescended to acknowledge my last remark.

"It rain all night,—clouds very thick—but will be fine day, tomorrow. That Indian girl that was educate—been here at this lake! That so! That Oneida girl—Bird-that-Sing—that was squaw of my fader's fader—she, as I told you, bring up Da-

vout girl in her wigwam after moder dead. She have pappooses as I told you—and all live together in my fader's fader's wigwam, until Davout girl grow up and get schooling in English town—maybe Albany.

"One of pappooses is girl about same age of Davout girl. She and Davout girl always great friends—and she very bright girl, too—and want to get schooling with Davout girl. My fader's fader, he say 'All right,' but he don't quite like it. He think it bad for Indian girl to know too much. It not good for her to marry white man anyway, and she not make good squaw for Indian brave if get schooling. But he let her go! Davout girl want her, and Davout girl the kind that get her own way —what she want, she get!"

"That's one trouble, Peter, with our pale face girls. We pale face men are all slaves to our squaws. Now you Indians—"

"Yes, Indian way with squaw much better!"

"It is getting worse every year, Peter, with us!"

"That bad!"

"Now, I think a happy medium—"

"I don't know anything about what you call 'medium;' but I think Indian squaw and pale face squaw all made by Manitou to make home comfortable and pleasant to live in for her man—and if Indian or pale face let squaw beat him, it his own fault!—That so!"

"You are quite right, Peter, it is too often the

man's fault. But what about your educated Indian relative?"

"That girl same name as her moder—'Bird-that-Sing'—for she could sing, too—and she get how to sing better, with her schooling. And when Davout girl get marry to Percival and they go to England—Davout girl must have it that Bird-that-Sing go, too. And she go!

"She have fine time in England with Percival people, but bym-by don't like it all, and want to come back to Mohawk village, and wigwam and woods where she brought up when little. And in one year she back home again. But she very much changed. She not like Indian girl; she not like white girl; and my fader's fader he very much troubled what to do with her. But she don't care—she so glad to get home.

"And one day sailor man come to Mohawk village. He come all the way from New York. He officer of war ship that bring her home. He call her 'Singing Bird,' and he try hard to marry with her. She learn much in England—pale face ways—and she keep him off—and bym-by he must go back to his ship. My fader's fader tell all this, and what trouble he have with girl, and how he try to make her get marry with sailor man. It get her off his hands—and he so mad that she is educate, which make all the trouble.

"Indian girl really like sailor man—who friend of Percival—but she act like some white girls that I read about—so different from Indian girls.

They, very well behaved, and, must get marry just same as their faders say. That good!—just right! But white girl, she make it so hard for man to get her to marry! He must fight to get her. Maybe pale face like that—but Indian—he get marry first and save his fighting for his enemies.

"One night Indian girl and sailor man, not to be found. Bym-by they heard of in New York—and that she go back to England with him on same war ship she come over on—just one year before. And my fader's fader he very glad, and then tell how he help sailor man to what you call kidnap. And that way she like it best—for him to get her. Have to make fight with her to get her, if he want her for his squaw,—his Singing Bird!

"Good night, Major, I go back to my home in Canada tomorrow."

Peter's visit to the home of his ancestors was ended. I had driven him to the station, six miles away, and seen him, and his luggage that had increased considerably in size since his arrival on foot two weeks earlier, safely on board the train en route for Ottawa. As he stood on the rear platform of the train waving a farewell with a becoming white felt hat that replaced the shabby fur one of his arrival, I could not but again observe the very marked improvement that a suit of mine afforded him—in spite of the long scarlet scarf that he had discovered and tied loosely around his neck.

My next information of Peter was most surprising and unexpected. It came the following Janu-

ary, in the shape of a bulky package which was left, by parties unknown, at my door in Boston.

Upon opening the bundle, I found it to contain four finely dressed and perfect beaver skins; two of which ultimately were converted into a cap and pair of gloves; and the remaining two—as I was not blessed with a squaw—were utilized in such shape as to emphasize, if possible, the grace and beauty of my best girl.

Among the beaver skins I discovered the following characteristic note, dated from Ottawa:

"Major:

I hope this will find you well. I am the same. I send you few beaver pelts. Hope you can use them. I trap them myself. My visit to your lake and your cabin was good for me. I think of it now all the time. And all I told you about my people that you like to hear so much.

I mean come again some time. I read all books you give me. Glad for more. My children read them all. It good they can read now. But it bad as I told you for Mohawk to read in times that I tell you of. Most so then for girls.

Your friend

Pierre Orfraie."

CHAPTER V

DEAR old Mohawk Peter! It was two years later that he made good the promise to repeat his visit to Camp Sorghum. And it was upon another calm September evening, while enjoying my after-supper cigar upon the piazza, and gazing enraptured at the reflections in the water of the half full moon and the opposite high shores of lake Massawepie, that suddenly and noiselessly my old friend Peter appeared, phantom like, at the foot of the steps; and with half shy, half beaming, and wholly delighted expressions upon his brown, weather-beaten face—stood at salute before me.

Need I repeat my cordial, heartfelt welcome?

Let Peter reply to it!

"It got to be so, Major! I had to come! This cabin and lake pull me here just like magnet.

"I tell my children all about that visit here—two years ago. And they want me tell them—and then tell more—and then tell it again.—And I keep think of it all the time. And some of my children want to come here—but I say No, it can't be! You got farms and pappoose to care for—you got to stay at home. Then what you think? I go on long journey!—Where? Not here—no! I go to London! Yes in steamer—steerage—! And who you think go with me! You never would guess! I take my grandaughter along—yes!

"That girl,—my grandaughter—she nice girl—about fifteen years then. Much educate she is. Get schooling in Convent—to be teacher herself—some day—bym-by. And I think it best thing for her to see Quebec, and cross big ocean to London. It help that educate. So I take her along.

"Oh yes, I have money to travel. But I don't like over there—not much—all is different—and we come back soon. But we been—and we see—and that something!"

Meanwhile Peter had dropped into his former accustomed corner seat upon the upper step of the piazza, and seemingly the same black pipe of old was produced and the bowl stuffed with tobacco while he spoke. Then, pausing in the act of applying a lighted match,—a look of anxious suspense filled his eyes, as searching my face, he exclaimed:

"Major, I don't know as you like it, but I come here—not alone."

"Whom have you brought, Peter—your Mohawk settlement? We have plenty of room for them to camp around the cabin, if that is so."

"No, no, Major, that could not be. It my granddaughter—my Pauline—I bring."

"Good! Where have you left her, Peter? You should have brought her at once to my cottage. And why is she named Pauline, which is not an Indian name?"

"I give her same name as that other Pauline—that Pauline Davout that I tell you about, for I say to my son Pete when this pappoose was born,

that she must have same name as that other Pauline that was half Mohawk—as you know—and I feel so proud about."

"But this girl that you have brought with you is all Mohawk, and it would have been more appropriate to—"

"Excuse me, Major, this girl have white blood just like that other Pauline, and her mother she half white—and she very glad it name to be Pauline—as it white girl name and good for her pappoose—and it good honest blood she got. That so, as I will tell you, if you like to hear."

"Yes, but in a few words Peter, and then go for the girl, so that I may soon see and welcome your granddaughter."

"It this way, Major: Little white girl in Missouri was captured by Indians long time ago, and grow up like Indian, and bym-by get marry to Chief—have one pappoose—one girl;—then squaw—mother—die. That girl grow up and is squaw of my son Pete. That all!—Now I go for my grandaughter."

"Tell her, Peter, that her welcome here will be most cordial."

"Major, I hope you will like my Pauline, I so proud of," responded Peter as he arose, passed noiselessly down the steps and disappeared, leaving me wondering what his next appearance would reveal. I endeavored to create a mental picture of a travelled Mohawk maiden—her veins containing a modicum of presumably Anglo-Saxon blood; much "educate," convent school bred; who had crossed

the Atlantic ocean and visited foreign cities, especially London. What would she be like, and how costumed? Tailor made gown, picture hat of great size, slim high heeled boots, white kid gloves, and no end of ribbons, rings and chains? A travelled, "much educate" maiden of sixteen summers! I was becoming uneasy in the thought of what I should do with her and how properly provide for her and entertain the reality of this dusky fashion-plate, that had conjured itself into my mind's eye. My ménage at Camp Sorghum was in anything but order for a much travelled, fashionable Pocahontas at this inconvenient season of the year.

Ruminating in this fashion, some minutes elapsed, when suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by a hardly perceptible movement beside my piazza chair, and looking downward I perceived, sitting upon the floor, the sweetest, most attractive little Indian girl that I have ever laid eyes upon, but possessed of a singularly light complexion for an Indian. In fact she reminded me much more of Italy than of Indian Canada. She appeared to be scarcely a dozen years of age; and as she glanced upward, her dark eyes sparkling in the moonlight seemed, at first, to have a shy, uneasy, doubtful look in them; then the eyebrows lifted into an inquiry which was followed by a timorous smile that exposed two rows of pearly teeth. Clad in the typical Indian costume of soft, dressed fawn skin, her feet encased in well fitting moccasins, and the entire, picturesque outfit tastefully ornamented with

embroidery, it was a charming picture thus presented to my surprised gaze. And what of the picture hat, that my fancy had created? A toque of delicate martin fur, from beneath which fell a long, thick braid of glossy, jet black hair, was the one article of her costume not purely aborigine. As I was subsequently informed, this Indian costume had been brought from Canada to be worn for my especial benefit, and hoped-for approval and admiration; and was donned that afternoon beneath Autumnal foliage in a nearby grove after Peter had discovered that I was still at Camp Sorghum, and prepared to welcome guests.

I sprang to my feet, my hand outstretched to assist this Mohawk maiden to arise, exclaiming; "This must be Pauline! Pauline, you are most heartily welcome to Camp Sorghum." But the young lady still sat at my feet; and it was not until Peter appeared a moment later, and spoke to her in Indian dialect, that she arose, and I was duly presented to Princess Pauline, for, as I informed her later, her ancestors having been Sachems, she was assuredly a princess; and "princess" she has remained ever since.

Suitable arrangements were made for my guests that evening in the cottage, which contained many spare rooms. And the following morning, Peter voluntarily resumed his former administrations of the cuisine and commissariat.

I discovered that the "educate" as Peter termed it, of Pauline, really amounted to much. Naturally

bright and clever, her tutilage in a convent school had been directed to prepare her for the duties of a teacher among her own people. And I found her to be fairly well read and informed in other directions.

During our frequent talks,—for, when the mood was on, her bright intelligence made her a very interesting and entertaining companion,—I was surprised to learn the extent and variety of information that she had gleaned during her short visit to England, assisted by and obtained partly through the aid of English correspondents of the principals of the convent school where she had been a pupil, and who had evidently regarded her with much more than an ordinary interest. I was assured of this, by the many opportunities they had afforded her and the means taken to enable her to make the most of the short stay abroad.

But in spite of all this educational training and association, the inherent Indian nature was, at times, quite evident—when, like the half-tamed savage she would disappear alone in the trackless forest for hours at a time; would shoulder with a yoke a light canvas canoe, and visit distant waters, for seemingly no other purpose than a desire to feel for the time being a wild creature of the wilderness; would snare, or shoot game, whip the lake for trout, and spend hours upon it in a canoe until late in the night. Then her mood would change, and she would select the most sensational romances of thrilling adventure she could discover in the

hotel library, and read until half of the night was over, or, returning from some solitary expedition, would don the picturesque Indian costume, and going to the piano, play—not badly—popular airs that she had learned to perform by ear—not by note; or, suddenly rush into the dark to traverse some forest trail, or paddle her canoe until some unnatural excitement was quieted. And she was seldom interfered with in these vagaries by Peter who had said she would come to no harm, and that it was best to give her a "free hand," as he expressed it. And yet one word from Peter, and she would become an obedient, submissive and dutiful child, with no indication remaining of the recent caprices. But it was very much more—the natural inheritance of her Indian ancestry. And her quick power of control, proved her to be possessed of a strong character. It was an interesting study of a composite nature combining strongly marked characteristics of the two dissimilar races from which she had sprung. And although I felt assured that the white would prevail in this instance over the red, it would be largely owing to the environment and association in which she had been and would most likely continue to live.

And what of Peter, all this time? Peter was getting old. He had aged considerably since his visit of two years earlier. He seemed contented with remaining at home, preparing our meals, or smoking his black pipe in the sunshine on the steps of the piazza, where we often had long talks of

present days, and sometimes again of ye olden time when his tribe inhabited this region. The days glided by rapidly and pleasantly, until one afternoon I asked him if he would give me more details, regarding his statement of Pauline having distant white ancestry. To this he replied as follows:

"Yes, Major, that girl Pauline have white blood in her body. That so! And it good blood—and it all right way she come by it—but maybe bad for some people—long ago.

"It this way: Little white girl, about ten years old—captured by Mohawk Indians in Missouri, time of your war with South—sixty-one. Her people all killed in fight; tradition say have big farm—what you call ranch,—much cattle. Indians go with soldiers—but sometimes fight on their own account. This one those times. It bad, but can't be helped. They go for steal cattle—for eat. That what tradition say—ranch men fire on Indians—one Indian shot. Then fire back—and go off little way. Next morning early, before light,—surprise ranch house. Yes, all killed but little girl. She brought to Canada—and adopted in tribe—and when grow up, make marry to son of Chief who capture her. Have one pappoose—girl—and she squaw of my son Pete.

"That reason why Pauline got white blood in her—and her skin not red like Indian—color about half white.—Yes, little more than so. Her mother,—she got educate too. She very clever and teach

in Indian school—and it she who send Pauline to Convent to be educate. That so! And she make good teacher—she so clever, too—like mother. My son Pete he got good farm and house. He live most like white man: you would be surprised!"

"But Peter, is there no record in your tribe, or knowledge among those still living who were possibly in that fight in Missouri, of the owner of the ranch, and who was most likely the father of Pauline's grandmother?

"Pauline mother, she try to find out. I tell you she was clever woman—it was no use—she cannot find—and she try very hard. That so!"

Now here was without doubt an interesting mystery; possibly a romance right at hand to be unraveled: to discover if possible who were the white ancestors of this young, very attractive and singularly interesting half-breed girl. And I at once proceeded to interrogate Peter, hoping to glean some knowledge from him, that might help toward satisfying my curiosity, and friendly interest in the girl.

"You say, Peter, that your son Peter's wife has made inquiries? What did she do toward trying to discover who her white grandfather might be? No doubt she told you."

"Yes, Major, she told me what she do to find out, but what she learn don't tell what she want."

"Well, what did she discover?"

"She write letter to two, three newspapers in Missouri, and they put her letters in their papers—

and bym-by she get letter from somebody who read paper—and she write to him, and he say he old time soldier with cavalry that go to protect ranch, but get there too late—all dead, and ranch burned —and much cattle run off by Indians. That he sent with part of command after Indians—but they have too long start, and they don't catch up."

"Well, what next?"

"Pete's squaw get sick just then—have pappoose, and very sick that time—maybe 'cause she got some white blood. I don't know."

"Well, did that end the inquiry?"

"No, that not end."

"What was the end, Peter?"

"I write to old soldier myself, that about four years ago and he see another old soldier, of same command but of that part of command that stayed at ranch that day, and then went back to camp. And he say that owner of ranch was name Howell. He Englishman, and about eight, nine years before the war began—he come with his young wife—he young man too—come to live on ranch which he buy when in New York City. But he say this Howell and his wife too—both very close mouth—and don't tell where they come from—except they English people."

"Was that the end of the correspondence?"

"Yes, that about the end."

"No more letters from the old soldier?"

"Pete's squaw, she write to old soldier, when she get well, but letter come back—He dead!"

Here Peter arose, and shuffled down the steps toward the boat-house; and although I spoke to him, I could get no reply. I was, however, too well accustomed to his sudden moods, to persist, so let him go unquestioned until his spirit should again move him to confidences. Peter was a man who could not be drawn out when enveloped in his perverse caprices.

The Mohawk princess had that day donned—with a serviceable hunting costume of dressed fawn skin, slightly ornamented—her wild wood vagary, and had departed into the forest early in the morning with her favorite weapon—a Winchester rifle, for I had no fowling piece at that time in the cottage. This rifle she had appropriated for her personal use shortly after her arrival, and to my astonishment had brought to our larder, partridges, with but their heads shot off—proving her remarkable marksmanship. Was it the red or the white blood that accomplished this feat? Indians are indifferent shots with a rifle.

From my seat on the piazza I could perceive Peter, seated upon a settee on the boat-house pier—motionless, and evidently deep in thought; his head bowed forward, and there was no smoke arising from his pipe. This silent, self-absorbed mien, seemed to indicate very serious contemplation or a mental struggle with some matter or circumstance which I judged to be in relation to our recent talk so abruptly brought to a close; and greatly interested, I watched and waited. A half hour may have

thus elapsed; the reading of my daily newspaper was concluded; the declining sun had nearly reached the tops of the forest clad hills across the lake which was resuming its usual mirror-like aspect as the light breeze departed with the setting sun, when, noiselessly the little Indian maiden appeared upon the lawn, gun on shoulder, and a brace of partridges attached by a thong to her belt. Her cheeks flushed and glowing from healthful exercise, and her eyes sparkling from exuberant life and happiness.

A few moments later, I had the story of where she had been—to a distant pond; and of the deer that she had seen but did not kill, as she informed me we had plenty of venison in our larder. I liked her for that, as it showed more repression than I had observed in many of our city bred sportsmen. At the sound of our voices, Peter, upon whom I had kept a watchful eye, arose from his seat and came slowly up the steps from the boat-house landing. Arriving at the cottage he passed into it, without a word, and I presently heard him engaged upon preparations for our evening meal.

It was not until late in the evening of the following day that I was afforded the opportunity by Peter to resume our interrupted talk of the previous afternoon, and at the point where he had so suddenly broken it off. From his manner and opening words I divined that what he had now to say was the outcome of some conflicting emotions weighed

in his mind since the abrupt dismissal of the subject.

As I have already stated it was late in the evening. Pauline had retired to her room and exciting novels, after an hour of rag-time and other giddy airs upon the piano; while I had been engaged in correspondence to be mailed early the following morning, and resuming my favorite chair upon the piazza, found Peter in his accustomed seat upon the upper step. I made some commonplace remark as I seated myself, having the intuition in my mind that something of interest was in the wind, and preferring that Peter should open the matter and in his own inimitably unexpected way, lead up to his subject.

"Major, you know I tell you of big forest fire that long ago burn all around this lake?"

"Yes, Peter, that was when Captain Percival had his camp on this site of my cottage, more than a hundred years ago."

"Yes, that so!"

"And Percival was warned of danger and probably rescued by that other Pauline, whose blood was a mingling of French and Mohawk."

"Yes, that so, Major, and she save him from having big fight. Yes, that so! But that Percival, he make her his sq—wife I mean. She very brave girl, and she very fine looking. White man, high up, sometime like and make marry to Indian half breed girl. That so! Just like Percival."

"What are you driving at this time, Peter? You are very mysterious."

"I don't know about mysterious. It all plain to me,—and it for long time make me feel scared. Yes, that it,—scared at what might be if I tell you what I know."

"What do you mean, Peter? Come, out with it!"

"That I lose this Pauline, my grandaughter, if I tell what I know and have always keep to myself. I don't tell even her mother in Canada."

"Just make a clean breast of it, now, Peter. Trust me, and possibly I can help you if there is occasion."

"It just this Major, that girl, that Pauline in there in cabin, she bright and clever, and she very good looking: and if she go away to her uncle in New York!—"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I just lose her—and she make marry to some Englishman in New York—just like that other Pauline—and she never come back to this old Peter in Canada that she always with from time she was little pappoose."

"Peter, as I have told you, you must make a clean breast of this matter. Who is the uncle, and how did you learn of or discover him?"

"It not Pauline's uncle. It her mother's uncle. That soldier I tell you about and send letter to, myself, he say all not killed at ranch fight. That a boy—he son of owner—Howell—he about twelve

years old at that time, and been at another ranch at time of fight, and come to his home just about time soldiers there. He see his father, mother—all dead. He think his sister dead too—burned up in the ranch house. It make him very sick—bad fever. Soldiers take him to camp—officers very good to him. Get him some money his father have left in bank in town—good way off. It enough to send him to New York and put him in school. This what that soldier write in letter to me. But I don't tell my Pete's wife. I think she would go to New York and take Pauline—and not come back to Canada—and that too much—I can't lose my granddaughter—my Pauline! Oh no!—That so! It can't be!"

An expression passed over Peter's face I had never seen there before—of a most intense determination in mouth and chin, and insatiable longing in his deeply sunken eyes, as he turned his face toward me, and into the full radiance of the swinging light in the cottage.

For some moments no word was spoken. Peter resumed his former attitude and seemed to be lost in thought, while I pondered over the surprising revelations made by him, and wondered how they might affect the future of my young visitor; and also feeling profoundly interested in the display of the several emotions on Peter's countenance, the causes for which were so obvious, so human, and so in accord with the Indian nature,—as I understood it to be.

Soon, observing Peter to be filling his pipe, which seemed to indicate that he had regained his normal equinimity, I inquired:

"But how did you discover that this Howell was in New York City."

"Oh, that easy! That soldier, he write for me, to one of those officers of his old company, and that officer tell him that boy was now rich man in New York City, and have wife and children—and all happy. His name Howell, and he tell me where he live."

I had heard enough,—for the present at all events. Peter had given me sufficient mental employment to trouble my dreams for that night, at least, and later the endeavor to solve a difficult and conflicting problem.

Here was Peter, in unbound trustfulness, putting into my hands that, which might become a life-long reproach, and heart-breaking loss to him, and one that might be too great at his advanced age to bear, should I carry out what I considered but an act of justice to his granddaughter and to her mother: First—in affording them knowledge of their living relatives, and secondly as being legal inheritors of a proportionate share of what might have been saved from the estate of their ancestor the owner of the Missouri ranch. Not that I would care to interfere with the financial affairs of the present Mr. Howell, through any demand made upon him to restore. But I hoped that something might be accomplished that should result in future benefits

greatly to the advantage of my interesting visitor, and this, without occasioning any regrets, or heart-burnings to any one concerned.

To break through the natural, the inherent reserve of a North American Indian, especially in the presence of a white man, is almost an impossibility. Yet beneath that cold, impassive, unemotional countenance, is often hidden, feelings that come from a warm and true heart, intense passions of love or hate, and especially a keen sense of justice.

As has been seen, Peter's attachment to his granddaughter was so deep and strong and the fear of a possibility of being parted from her was so great as to cause him to ignore that powerful factor in his nature—his innate sense of justice. And from what I first concluded by observation, and subsequently confirmed, Peter had fought a great battle between two stubborn forces, while on the settee at the boat-house pier. It was of self-love on one side, justice on the other.

The following morning, while Pauline was away in a canoe after a flock of migratory ducks, Peter having reached the termination of his self-imposed morning chores about the cottage, took the initiative in a short talk, with the following remark:

"Major, I would be very much obliged if you would write letter for me."

"Why, certainly Peter, to whom shall I write?"

"I have been think some since we talk last night, and some more before that time, and I would like to know if that Howell in New York that I tell you

about,—if he know about Pete's wife—and if he don't, I think he should know."

"Peter you are a truly brave man, I believe you have won a great victory, one of the hardest men have to encounter. A victory over yourself!"

"I don't know about any victory, Major, but I am getting old man—and not good for much now—and I think maybe I not do just right about keeping those letters I get from old soldier—from Pete's wife and my grandaughter—my Pauline."

That evening we had roasted wild ducks for our sun-down meal, with a glorious after glow to gaze upon, such as I have rarely seen surpassed in its firey brilliancy.

Two days thereafter arrived at Camp Sorghum a letter from a Mr. Howell of New York City—full of surprise, but most kindly expressed, satisfactory and cordial. And its many inquiries were replied to promptly.

In less than a week from that time, Camp Sorghum was deserted, closed up and battened down to resist the fierce winter storms.

Pierre Orfraie, and the Princess Pauline had taken passage to New York City, to fulfill an engagement made with the said Mr. Howell, acknowledged relative of the princess, to visit his home there, and I had the honor of accompanying them as far as Albany where I was obliged to leave the train to enable me to continue my journey Eastward.

In conclusion I will add an extract which I received from Pauline a few weeks later:

". . . . Grandpère goes to Ottawa tomorrow, and I think he is glad, as he says the noises of the city make him so very tired he cannot sleep. My uncle goes with him to see my mother. .... We are all going for a visit in the Spring.

"You have seen how my cousins make so much of me, and I try to be a white girl all through..... and be a city girl. It is hard for an Indian girl, but I try hard, and I am very happy. My cousins tell me I have much to learn, but I think I can teach them some things. They are all right here, but such girls are of not much use in the forest, and would get lost if they went alone. They cannot even fire a rifle! They have much to learn."

And how did Peter stand the outcome that he had so long feared should he divulge his knowledge of his granddaughter's pale face relatives? His own spoken words when I last saw him please me the best: "That other Pauline—that first one—she got white blood—yes—but she got Mohawk blood too—and that Percival—he proud of it. It best blood of Iroquois nation—yes—that so! This Pauline—my Pauline—she just same—plenty Mohawk blood. And that Howell he see it—and know it. And he proud and glad it so—I hope my Pauline will get marry to soldier—like other Pauline. It best thing can be! Daughter of great Iroquois Nation must get marry to soldier. It must be—that so!"

And she did!

FROM THE OTHER'S STANDPOINT

The following pages are not written in condemnation of true sportsmanship, but as a protest against unsportsmanlike slaughter of game, which is too often practiced in the Adirondack forests, as is elsewhere the case upon this continent.

Henry G. Dorr.

I. THE WANTON SHOT

The sharp report of a rifle awoke the echoes of a picturesque, crescent-shaped lake lying near the centre of the vast Wilderness of the Adirondacks, and sent them bounding from hill to hill across its placid waters. Hardly a breath of air ruffled the surface of this lovely sylvan gem which reflected upon its bosom the encircling heights, presenting upon every side pictures of rare beauty: towering hills clothed with huge forest trees in October garments of scarlet and gold, framing in Nature's most brilliant Autumn foliage, the mirror-like sheet of water which reposed at their foot.

It was a scene characteristic of the Great Northern Wilderness—its length and breadth dotted with sequestered lakes and embowered ponds, and traversed by rambling, turbulent water-courses; its countless hills and valleys protected by an almost unbroken forest. This little woodland lake, hitherto remote from the touch and disturbing influences of the outside world, peaceful, restful in its quiet aspect, seemed a realization of the happy ideal of perfect tranquility, freedom from jarring discords, until the echoes from its hills sent forth the unwelcome warning that unbidden, undesired guests had approached and were trespassing upon its preserves.

This lovely scene was displayed to the view of a young man who sat upon a pile of balsam boughs

in the bow of a canoe, the opposite end of which was occupied by a guide, who, with dexterous handling of a paddle sent the frail boat skimming noiselessly over the surface of the lake. The rifle shot which so sharply broke into the repose of the landscape had been fired by this man—a sportsman as his dress and equipments seemed to indicate. It was directed at a fish-hawk that sailed aloft, now in broad, sweeping curves, again in narrower, rapid circles, or, sustained upon almost motionless wings, poised above the waters intent upon securing a fish from the depths below. And although the sportsman had used care in aiming at the bird it continued its graceful, circling flight seemingly quite undisturbed by the shot.

At his failure to hit the object aimed at, the sportsman in forcible language blamed his gun, then laid the fault to his cramped seat in the canoe, and finally, as he sat facing forward he suddenly half turned, and with angry words accused his companion of having "joggled" the boat at the moment that he fired. His imputation was an unjust one against his guide, the fault lying mainly with the inaccurate aiming of the gun; his remarks were coarsely expressed and were mixed with profanity, and yet his enunciation was that of a man of education. He was a handsome fellow with well-bred mien, but a forbidding look upon his face when, with uncalled-for, unreasoning anger he assailed his guide, detracting sadly from his otherwise attractive appearance. His accoutrements were of the fin-

est: his entire outfit, consisting of arms, rugs, and appurtenances for camping purposes lying in the bottom of the canoe, indicated that money had not been spared to render it complete.

Re-loading his rifle he resumed a watchful attitude as the canoe, swiftly propelled by his companion, continued its silent progress over the lake. The fish-hawk still circled aloft, but at such a distance from its foes as to preclude all chances of the shot being successfully repeated. Not a sound, even of a ripple at the prow of the gliding boat, broke into the quiet that again settled upon the peaceful landscape.

II. THE LORD OF THE DOMAIN

EXTENDING along the eastern border of the lake, and rising steeply above its shores was a ridge covered with great forest trees from the water's edge to the summit. It varied in height from fifty to a hundred feet as the uneven outline rose or fell. Although high and steep, it was very narrow, a dividing barrier between this lake and another beautiful but less extensive sheet of water.

Stretching along the narrow summit of the ridge, winding between great tree trunks and over the fallen, decaying timber was a well worn deer trail, and upon one of the highest points of the ridge, where the trees were more open, and from between their trunks an extensive view could be obtained of the central portion of the lake beneath, the trail ran quite near the verge of the steep declivity. It was a conspicuous spot as seen from the water, as at this point the ridge jutted boldly into the lake, while beyond it was a sharp inward bend of the shore which greatly emphasized its prominence.

Pacing along the narrow deer trail with stately yet elastic step, a noble buck entered the open grove, and advancing toward the verge of the declivity faced the magnificent landscape there unfolded to his view. His large, luminous eyes appeared to drink in the beauties of the scene as his rapid glance roved over water, hills and valleys; and a sense of proud possession seemed to occupy him while his gaze lingered upon the vast expanse.

He was indeed a noble animal, with head erect supporting broad antlers and form without a fault in its perfect lines and its commanding pose, as with dilated nostrils he inhaled the fragrant air borne to him from the hills beyond the lake. Leaving the trail he moved a few steps to the very edge of the descent, and again inhaled the bracing atmosphere. For many seconds he thus stood motionless, save as he turned his head from side to side and again exulted in the undisturbed lordship of his great domain. The light southern breeze, not enough to ruffled the surface of the water, was stronger at his altitude, but as it reached the nostrils of the animal, laden with the fragrance of pine and balsam groves, it was free from warning scent of approaching danger.

Suddenly upon the water a strange, unknown object came silently into view. Hardly had it appeared beyond the far reaching branches of a hemlock when it was observed, and its rapid progress followed with inquiring look until it passed the intervening boughs and shot into the open expanse less than fifty yards from the shore below. As this singular intruder came plainly into sight the animal gave a sudden start, and with quick inspirations endeavored to determine the nature of his unwelcome visitor by the scent in the tainted atmosphere. But the breeze, coming from the opposite direction, brought him no warning upon its slight current. Then, giving a quick, impatient stamp, he uttered through his nostrils a loud shrill sound, not unlike

a whistle; his ears were bent forward, and his gaze riveted upon the swiftly moving object.

At sound of the well known note of warning from the deer, a muttered exclamation came from the water:

"There's your chance, Mr. Fenwick! Quick! Up there to your left!"

A puff of white smoke arose from the canoe, a loud report followed, and the sharp "zip" of a bullet as it clove its way through the air caused the surprised buck to move a step backward and send forth another shrill alarum from his distended nostrils.

"Confound you Gilbert, you blamed idiot! How can I expect to hit any living thing, when you keep rocking the canoe," fiercely exclaimed the man who had fired, turning upon his companion a countenance flushed with anger. "Can't you sit still long enough for me to get a decent shot?"

"Don't waste your time,—give him another! The canoe's as steady as a rock."

Again was the shot repeated. At the "zip" of the bullet the startled animal gave a sudden bound to one side, shaking his antlers, and answering with angry snorts, and violent stampings with his forefeet. But he still remained in full view of his enemies, their distance below seeming to reassure him of his safety.

"Blast you, you've spoiled my shot again with your infernal joggling!"

"It wan't the canoe, sir. See! you're losing another chance at him," was the quick rejoinder. "Give him a shot, quick! Pull trigger soon's you've got the sight on him. It's just a splendid shot!"

Again were the echoes awakened by the loud report of the rifle, and a sharp blow from the bullet upon one of the antlers of the deer was followed by a mighty bound which landed him amidst the tree trunks, between which he disappeared with agile leaps, shaking his antlers in rage as he swiftly covered the distance upon the winding trail.

III. THE ISLAND CAMP.

Succeeding the final shot at the deer, the remarks which passed between the two men in the canoe were far from being in harmony with the hitherto peaceful character of the scene. It is true, their disappointment was great, as their larder was empty of game, and the opportunity to obtain a fresh supply, at such short range, and bag a noble specimen of a buck in prime condition with great antlers of many tines had been unusually favorable, and one not likely to be soon repeated. Added to which was Fenwick's mortification at the repeated failure of his rifle shots; and his ungenerous endeavors to shift the blame upon his companion were felt keenly by the latter.

As the angry reproaches and replies subsided the paddle was plunged into the water by the guide, who, with firm but noiseless strokes skirted the shore of the lake, continuing his original course toward its lower end. Swiftly the boat sped onward over the glistening water, and although silence was observed by its occupants a vigilant outlook was maintained, especially by the guide, whose trained faculties permitted no sound or visible object upon the near or distant shores to be passed unnoticed. His thoughts presently became more concentrated, while his gaze searched the farthest limits of the expanse before them. Glancing toward his companion, in guarded tones he broke the silence:

"See here, Mr. Fenwick, if you want another chance at that buck, I believe it's to be had, and we'll camp here to-night somewhere at the foot of the lake. I reckon I can put you on him with the jack before the moon's up, which won't rise till late."

"It's a poor lot you are for a guide," grumbled Fenwick in reply; "I've burned more powder since we've been out than would blow up a frigate, and we've nothing left to eat but salt pork. You haven't given me a decent shot at a deer yet,—and what's more, I don't believe you are able to do it!"

"I've given you better than the average chances for shots at deer, Mr. Fenwick. But we'd better drop this talk if you ain't anxious to scare all the game away!"

"Well, it's a mighty poor average, in giving shots, then, that you seem to have experienced," was the retort. "But pitch your camp where you like, and I'll have that deer to-night if you give me any sort of a show to hit him. You needn't think I can't shoot. It's your everlasting joggling, I tell you, that has always spoiled my aim!"

As the canoe sped upon its course down the lake the conversation was soon resumed by Fenwick, who, in low tones, remarked:

"See here, Gilbert, my brother killed five deer last summer, and brought home the heads of two of them, bucks, which he afterwards had mounted; and I'm going to beat his record if I have to stay here till snow flies, and don't you forget it!"

"How long was your brother in the woods?"

"Only two weeks,—but he had great luck. Said the woods were full of deer, and that he'd have killed as many again if he could have stayed longer."

"Did he get all that venison?"

"Well, no, two got away wounded, and he brought one whole buck home with him. But the wounded ones counted, of course, the same as if he'd got 'em. They left bloody trails and must have died in the woods. He and his guide didn't follow them up sharp, as they did not care for the venison. Their first deer gave them more meat than they could use."

"No reason in killing deer when you don't need the venison," remonstrated Gilbert.

"Oh, hang it, man,. what's the odds? There'll be plenty left, and I'm bound to beat his record!"

"The deer are just waitin' for you to fire at 'em, Mr. Fenwick, and I reckon you'll get one to-night; but," the guide added mentally, "we ain't goin' to have no useless slaughterin', not while I'm about;—though there ain't much fear of him doin' it! We'll kill what we need to eat, and nothin' more."

Reaching the lower end of the lake, which in length was about three miles, the canoe grounded upon a grassy slope,—the end of a small islet of two or three acres in extent covered with an open grove of spruce and Norway pine trees. It was oval in shape, and had a rounded summit rising at its highest point some thirty feet above the water. It was a picturesque little islet, lying not many rods from the shore, which, from that end of the lake

spread out toward the west in an extensive natural meadow covered with long, coarse grass and scrubby bushes, and bounded by distant hills and forest. To the south, towering above the islet, within a stone's throw of its shore, was a high rocky peninsula covered with a dense growth of forest trees presenting a mass of brilliant coloring of varied tints,—the scarlet, russet and golden foliage of the maple and beech, in settings of dark green hemlock and lighter shades of pine and tamarack.

Upon the islet a camp was speedily arranged, a light tent erected between the trees, a fire built, and while Fenwick selected a comfortable lounging-place protected by the shadows of the trees from the slanting rays of the declining sun, the guide, providing himself with fishing rod and lines, entered his canoe and was soon lost to the sight and hearing of his less energetic companion.

IV. THE LAIR

With agile leap and graceful bound the irate deer sped onward over the narrow trail, still vigorously shaking his antlers in keen resentment of the rude affront,—the unprovoked blow, which had left a sharp, tingling sensation, another reminder of the insult. Thus smarting from the bullet's shock and angered at the cause, his pace increased, until like the flight of an arrow, still following the summit of the ridge, he crossed an opening in the woods from which might be seen the little oval islet seeming to float upon the mirror-like surface of the water. But no passing glance at this did he cast as like a flash of light he crossed the open space, and not many rods beyond, suddenly swerved from the trail. With great bounds he leaped through the bushes, swiftly descended the steep slope of the ridge, rounded the pond upon his left, crossed the broad meadow, leaped a narrow stream, and with undiminished speed entered and again dashed through the dark forest aisles. Soon, mounting a steep rise, and crossing its narrow summit with a half dozen bounds, he stopped in the centre of a small balsam grove upon the hillside, where were a doe and fawn, reclining upon the soft bed of leaves fallen from the canopy of protecting branches.

The meeting between these wild but gentle animals was full of affection. If man's faithful com-

panion, the dog, has it in his power to express a welcome, surely the gift may not be denied to other, though undomesticated, animals. The doe arose and came to her mate, followed by the fawn, and there was every demonstration of a "welcome home again," expressed in her caressing actions. But the tingling sensation from that cruel blow upon his antlers was still felt by the buck; and although the fond caresses from his doe were reciprocated in kind, the disturbing feelings were evident in his restless movemeints. He soon wandered off upon the hillside, though never far from this sequestered lair.

The setting sun disappeared behind the western hills and the dark shadows of a moonless night enveloped the glades of the forest. The rustle of the leaves above, as the light breeze caught and played with them, was the only sound to break the stillness.

Half a mile from the balsam grove in which this family made their resting place was a small oval pond, connected through a narrow outlet with the lake. At this season of the year much of its surface was covered with the shining pads of pond lilies, but it was late for the blossoms which a month earlier had covered the water with large white patches of these exquisite flowers.

Late in the evening, standing in the shallow water upon the border of this woodland pond were three deer: a buck, a graceful doe, and a little fawn, nibbling the lily pads, taking quick draughts of the

crystal water, and cooling their feet as they wandered amongst the long grass and lily stems. This was their usual evening recreation, taken often at the same spot and at the same hour, and was enjoyed as much as animals can enjoy their undisturbed pleasures.

Suddenly, a slight rippling sound coming from the more open water aroused the ever alert watchfulness of the group but as no danger had ever approached from that quarter, and, as curiosity is an innate foible of the deer, they, without moving from their position, showing no fear, but with heads raised and ears and nostrils distended, appeared in the dim light in listening attitudes, like silent, motionless phantoms. Suddenly a bright, round, yellow light is flashed upon them, and appears to stare from out of the dark like a great eye. Then comes a muttered whisper: "No,—the buck—to your right!"

A flash, a loud report, a gasp, a splashing in the water, a scramble for the thicket, and the buck stops twenty yards from the water's edge, with head erect and eyes ablaze, sniffing the atmosphere defiled by smoke, and trembling with the excitement of the sudden alarm. With a shrill whistle from his nostrils, he declares his fear, rage, and astonishment, and an instant later is joined by his trembling mate followed by her fawn. Shouts are heard upon the shore, and the noise of the parting bushes warns him of approaching foes. With another shrill alarm

he turns and dashes through the thick bushes into the forest, followed by his two companions.

* * * *

"You've hit one of 'em this time, sure!" exclaimed Gilbert, as with jack in hand he diligently examined the bushes where he had landed from the canoe. "Here's blood on the leaves,—lots of it,—and the deer ain't likely to go far!"

"Hold on, Gilbert, till I get ashore! Don't be in such an infernal hurry to get ahead!"

"You better stay where you are, Mr. Fenwick, it's nothin' but swamp here, and we can't do nothin' about the deer till daylight. We'll get on the trail in the mornin'. But you missed the buck! I told you he was to your right.—But the doe's good,—if we get her."

"I want to see that blood!" exclaimed Fenwick, as he prepared to leave the canoe; and although at the first step on shore he sank nearly to his knees in the water-soaked soil, he scrambled to the spot where his companion was examining the leaves by the light from the jack, while forcing his way through the bushes.

The two men proceeded but a few rods into the cedar swamp, when, finding it impracticable to continue their progress in that direction—aided only by the dim light from the little lantern—they retraced their steps, and were soon afloat again, silently gliding along the sombre shores of the lake.

The "jack"—a small lantern with round "bull's eye" in front, which, when the slide was opened emitted a strong, reflected light upon all near objects coming within its narrow radius—was now closed. It was strapped upon the hat worn by Fenwick as, crouched in the bow of the canoe, rifle in hand, he silently awaited the preconcerted signals from his companion which would warn him of the presence of game. As the guide's trained sight or hearing might discover this, the canoe would be headed directly toward the noise or the object seen; when, with one or more light taps upon the gunwale of the boat, he would give first the warning to make ready, then that to raise the lantern's slide, when the exposed rays should cover the object to be fired at. This is "jack hunting," or "floating," and is the most deadly mode of killing deer as practiced on the borders of forest lakes and streams, but with inexpert "sportsmen," a mode that too often leaves the wounded animals to die a painful, lingering death.

V. THE FATE OF THE DOE.

Stretched beneath the spreading branches of the balsam trees upon the hillside, the bed of leaves soaking up its ebbing life blood, lay the wounded doe, returned to its home in the forest to linger out a period of agony—and die. The beseeching eyes were fast losing their lustre and becoming heavy. The mouth and tongue were dry and parched with thirst; and at each vain effort to rise, to gain some spring near by, a quiver of pain would send the animal backward upon the leaves. The bleating fawn, denied its accustomed nourishment, added to the sufferings of the mother by vain endeavors to obtain it. The buck, aimlessly roaming through the adjacent woods, with sudden impulse would dash to some more distant point as though in search of help; then, quickly returning to the grove, in evident distress would again inspect its wounded mate with perplexed and sympathetic gaze, seeming to realize that some great calamity had come, as part of the terror of the night now past. These restless actions of the buck were repeated often as the day dragged out its weary length, and the sufferings of his mate increased. As the shadows of evening gathered about the hillside and objects grew dim in the departing light, the buck suddenly left the grove and bounded over a trail leading to the distant lake.

Hardly had he disappeared in the denser woods of the valley below, when, from the opposite side of the hill the two men forced their way through the thick bushes at its foot and mounted its steep and slippery side. Reaching the top, the foremost peered over the narrow summit. Motioning his companion to halt, he brought his rifle quickly to his shoulder. An instant later came the loud report, and rising to their feet the men sprang forward through the smoke.

Before them arose from the ground a small, slender animal, which with desperate effort, like the flutterings of a wounded bird, disappeared among the trees and bushes farther down the hillside. At the same instant, the doe struggled to her feet, almost in the path before the men, and made an effort to follow the wounded fawn. But the attempt was vain. The foremost man threw himself upon the animal; there was a short, desperate struggle; then, a bright knife arose, and fell plunging into the throat of the already dying creature.

"Got her at last, Mr. Fenwick!" exultingly exclaimed the man who had committed this deed of violence, as he wiped his knife upon the body of the deer.

"But the other,—the one you shot? We mustn't lose that!"

"Oh, it's only the fawn, broke its leg,—'twon't go far."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes! It'll hang round its mother. They

always do. You start a fire while I dress this doe. We'll need the light—it's getting dark fast."

"Gilbert, you're a better hunter than I thought. I didn't believe you'd find this deer. But we've had a tough pull of it, getting through that God-forsaken swamp."

VI. THE REPRISAL

THE doe was quickly dressed by the guide while his companion made a short search for the wounded fawn. Failing in this, he returned to the fire which he had built.

"It's too dark to hunt for it now," he said. "Guess we'll have to give it up."

"Well, it ain't much account any way,—nothin' but a fawn,—and we've got more'n all the meat we can eat in a week," replied Gilbert, as he lowered the body of the doe from the limb on which it had been suspended. "If you'll ketch on to the hind legs, I guess we can carry it easy to the canoe," he continued, as he shouldered the fore part of the animal; and the two men, exulting in their success, proceeded toward the shore supporting the venison between them. By this time it had grown quite dark beneath the thick foliage of the forest and it was with much difficulty that the guide, who was in advance, kept the direction to the water, guided only by the indistinct deer trail which he endeavored to follow. They had in this manner advanced less than half a mile when a noise among the bushes behind them caused both men to turn, and through the gloom a large animal with glowing eyeballs bounded upon the trail and halted within a dozen yards.

"Look out, it's the buck!" exclaimed the guide dropping his end of the venison, and instantly raising

his rifle, with hasty and uncertain aim, fired. As the bullet sped upon its errand of death, a loud, shrill defiance seemed to mingle the volume of its sound with the report from the gun: loud and shrill, startling in its sudden fierceness, and replete with rage and hate.

The first insult—that inflicted upon the antlers of the buck—still left its stinging remembrance. The ruthless invasion of the territory of this lord of the forest, the surprise and alarm of the previous night upon the shore, the sufferings of his wounded mate, the more recent scent of blood in the balsam grove, the limping, bleating fawn returned to its violated home, and the sharp, burning pain upon his neck caused by the bullet's passage,—the maddening effect of it all was gathered in that wild, vengeful challenge so fiercely sounded, and then, with lowered antlers and furious onset the enraged animal, heedless of his fate, plunged toward the destroyers.

On to them—over them—through them! Then, turning, he charged again upon the heap of struggling men lying on the dead body of the doe, and the sharp tines of his horns left gaping wounds. Then came a second flash and report from the rifle, and the body of the buck was added to the heap,—but kicking, thrashing, still battling with head, feet, and horns.

From amidst this dark tangle of fighting, struggling, writhing creatures the figure of the guide, who had fired the final shot, arose, and although

breathless, and bleeding from the deadly encounter, he sprang upon the doomed animal regardless of its desperate yet hopeless struggles, and his knife was plunged deep into the quivering heart of that heroic martyr of the Adirondack Wilderness.

And the wounded, bleating fawn, alone in the depths of the forest,—fatherless,—motherless,—what became of it?

God only knows!

SPENCER'S PRINCESS

SPENCER'S PRINCESS

During the Civil War of '61, while First Lieutenant in a regiment of Cavalry, and detailed aide-de-camp, I was sent by my commanding officer to make a verbal report to a General, an officer in the neighborhood of our encampment.

Arrived at his headquarters I was duly announced, and invited to enter. Sitting with him was a lady, his wife, to whom I was presented.

I was at once impressed, not only by the remarkable beauty of this woman but by her very distinguished personality, combining with an almost regal dignity of carriage, a most gracious manner. With her were her two children, one a boy about twelve years of age; but of these youngsters I had then but a glimpse.

The General informed me that his wife and children were making him a short visit. And his wife, with a slightly foreign accent said that she availed herself of every favorable opportunity afforded her to visit her husband at the front; and that this military environment was most interesting and extremely attractive to her.

My visit was necessarily a short one, and after delivering my report, followed by a chat with my hosts while partaking of refreshments offered me, it was with regret that I had to hasten my departure.

* * * *

Many years ago it was my fate to be in a severe railroad accident, in Ohio. A freight train col-

lided with the one in which I was sleeping. The cause—the only too frequent chance taken by an engineer that he will reach the next siding before the express arrives there. The result was a collision about midnight. By great good fortune I was among those passengers who escaped injury, although much shaken up. But it was different with a young man sleeping in the berth above me. He was badly bruised and stunned. Earlier in the evening I had had some conversation with him in the smoking apartment of the sleeper, and we turned in to our berths at the same time. Finding myself uninjured, my next thought was of him. The car was partly upon its side, a strong odor of burning wood and woolen was very perceptible, and the smoke was dense. I succeeded in opening a window in my berth, then lifting the unconscious man from his, I put him feet foremost out of my window, and, as the ground was but three or four feet below it, gently lowered his body until I felt it resting upon solid ground, then following, easily dragged him from beneath the side of the overhanging car.

Here, with the assistance of willing hands, he was conveyed to a near-by farm house where, with the aid of stimulants, he soon recovered consciousness. His chief injury was a severe contusion on the top of his head, and he was otherwise much sprained and bruised. Before following him to the farm house, I made a hasty survey of the wrecked train. The sleeping-car from which we had escaped was

becoming fast reduced to ashes. There had been but few passengers in it—all men; and as the ends of the car were blocked by the wreck, they escaped through the windows without much injury. In fact, there was no loss of life to any passenger on the train, but I later found in the farm house at least a dozen with sprains, bruises and contusions; and all vituperative against the carelessness of the railroad's officials and employees, of every degree.

After the young man (whom I will call Spencer) had recovered consciousness, and I had discovered that he had no broken limbs or other serious injuries, I left him in the care of the women of the house, and returned to the wreck. The passengers had all been rescued or had themselves escaped from it by that time, and many were searching to recover their luggage from the wrecked baggage car. A few were assisting the train men unshackle and endeavor to save the rear passenger cars; and others were watching the rapid spread of flames that surged about those cars demolished in the wreck. Presently we were greeted by a locomotive whistle, and a relief train rounding a corner hove into sight, bringing a large gang of men to remove the wreck. Several physicians had been sent with this train, who proceeded to the farm house, made hasty examinations of the wounded, who were then promptly and rapidly conveyed to the train. I accompanied Spencer, who though still dazed, and a little shaky, was able to walk with me. In the neighboring town,

which we soon reached, I left him comfortably installed in a hotel, where rooms had been provided by the railway officials for the passengers until they could continue their journey.

The occasion for my trip was urgent. Within an hour after our arrival at the hotel, which was adjacent to the station, a train was made up to replace the demolished one; and feeling that Spencer was well cared for; as I had been assured by the physician in attendance that a little care and rest were all that he needed for a rapid recovery I decided to continue my journey that night.

Spencer was asleep. I thought it best not to awaken him; but I left a short note of farewell with the doctor to hand him in the morning. In this I expressed my regret at leaving so hastily, the urgency of my immediate departure, and giving him my home address with request that he would write and relieve my anxiety in respect to any undiscovered injury that he might have sustained. Shortly after my return home I received a long letter from Spencer. His injuries had proved to be but slight and the following day he had continued his journey. But his letter contained expressions of more than gratitude, for the "saving of his life," as he expressed it, from the burning car. This might have been the case had there not been many other willing hands to come to the rescue, as I learned before leaving the scene of the wreck after the escape of the passengers, the conductor had

bravely entered and examined each berth in the demolished sleeper, though himself barely escaping suffocation.

A few weeks later I received another letter from Spencer regretting that he could not then, as he had promised, visit me at my home in Boston, as he was suddenly called to Germany, where he stated he had relatives and that his visit there was to be on matters connected with them.

This railroad accident occurred in 1870. During the years 1873 and 1874 I, with my younger brother, occupied apartments in London. I made this my home for the time being, enjoying the hospitalities of my English friends, and making occasional pleasure excursions to the Continent. It was an ideal life, and the two years that I lived thus are filled with many pleasant memories. Both my brother and I being unmarried, we lived a Bohemian life, in respect to our meals. Our breakfasts were served in our apartments; lunches were obtained at the most convenient place where we happened to be at lunch time; and I very frequently dined at one of the restaurants then in Regent street,—Blanchard's, St. James, Palais Royal, or at some more distant one, noted for its excellent table. Blanchard's Beek street restaurant was one that I most frequented. Its arrangement was of the old style English. The tables were partitioned off from each other. A curtain could be drawn before the entrance of the stall to make the table more retired for the company

occupying it, if so desired. And the dinner was always excellent in quality of viands and in cooking and serving.

One snowy night, near Christmas time, I was dining alone in one of these alcoves. Someone walked across the entrance of my stall and glanced in, evidently looking for a vacant table. As I looked up, our eyes met. Spencer stood before me. The greeting was more than cordial. In fact, as I arose he embraced me, and with that warmth of expression of the hot blooded Latin temperament, rather than of our undemonstrative though equally warm New England nature. Of course Spencer joined me at the dinner, after which we adjourned to my apartments in Conduit street. The first inquiries upon either side having been satisfied, the remainder of the evening, and until long, long after midnight, I listened to a story of romance and of adventure that kept me thrilled and absorbed. It was told by the young man, with an easy, ready flow of language, a clear enunciation, and an earnest simplicity in his manner that added greatly to the interest and fascination of the tale itself.

When I met Spencer in the smoking apartment of the sleeping car, I was attracted by his thoroughly well-bred look and manner: and a certain graceful courtesy in word and action with which he offered me a light for my cigar quite won my regard.

That opened a conversation, and presently he referred to a button that I wore in the lapel of my

coat, of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, asking me if I had served in the then recent civil war. He thereupon informed me that his father was of the regular army and had served also through the civil war. This interested me, and I made some inquiries respecting his rank and service. This was about all that I learned about Spencer or of his family at that time. But there was a certain foreign atmosphere about him that puzzled me, as it was for an American, un-American, and such as I had not before been brought into contact with. When I met him in London, this foreign air was still more pronounced, and it led to my inquiry if he had not passed much of his life in Europe; from this inquiry came the tale that I will endeavor to give; not as it was given to me, for that is quite impossible, but as I recollect the facts, I will put them together in my own way.

Once upon a time more than half a century ago, there ruled over one of the smaller of the many states comprising the German Confederation, some of which had not the area of many of our prairie farms west of the Mississippi river,—a Grand Duke.

He was of noble descent from a line of kings of ancient lineage; in fact he was one of the proudest Grand Dukes in Germany. Although his dominions, as they were then, were small—the result of a great deal of paring down that had been going on during many generations of his ancestors, by their ambitious and stronger neighbors—his pride

of lineage had sustained not one jot of the paring down process exhibited elsewhere, especially in his treasury.

The fact is, it was with the greatest difficulty that his royal highness had been able to realize from the taxes, duties and other sources of revenue derived from his subjects a portion of the income needed to meet immediate, pressing demands for personal as well as governmental uses.

The army—a small one it is true—was long in arrears of pay, and was becoming insubordinate. It was the same with government and palace officials, and the government itself was deeply in debt. To support with becoming dignity his ducal state in his palace in the Capital, his castle among the distant hills, and hunting lodge in the forest which covered more than half the territory of his dominions, with other personal needs as well, required large sums of money.

So this royal highness was in great trouble owing to his inability to meet the many demands upon the ducal treasury. This state of things had been going on and growing worse for a long, long time and he could see no way out of it. As he waxed old in years these increasing financial difficulties had made him irascible; and his ministers and other high officials had in consequence a hard time of it,—not to speak of those of lower degree who had a worse!

I have been given to understand that Grand Dukes, in most instances, are accustomed to leave the financial problems of their governments or pos-

sessions to their prime ministers or other proper high officials, taking little if any heed of them, except, that they require themselves be well and constantly supplied with money to burn. And if they happen to come to grief, they have the satisfaction of resting the blame of dishonest or incompetent management upon the officials, whether they deserve it or not. But this Grand Duke had, from his ascension to the throne of his dukedom owing to the death of his predecessor, personally assumed the reins of government; and had never slackened them no matter how hard it had been for him to guide and steer and engineer it over and through the financial problems constantly arising. In three words, the old Grand Duke was chronically hard up, and at the time that I write of was in a very especially bad way for obtaining ready money. Resources had failed. Expedients had been attempted and abandoned, and discouragement and bankruptcy stared the Grand Duke in the face, also his prime minister, his privy councillors, and especially his administrator of the vaults of the treasury—for the vaults themselves were at that time quite empty of treasure.

One eventful day, after a long conference over the matter of ways and means, a new project was agreed upon, and it was decided to act immediately upon it.

Now this fine, proud, elderly Grand Duke was a widower, with but one olive branch,—a daughter, who had been spared to him in a family bereavement that had some years earlier overtaken him.

In addition to his grief at his really terrible loss, it was a keen disappointment to the Grand Duke that it was not a son that had been left to him when the terrible epidemic raged through his dominions, sweeping away thousands of his subjects, and by which he lost the Grand Duchess, his wife, and the young princes and princesses his other children.

I will not pretend to assume that his royal highness was lacking in consideration or honest affection for his daughter, the princess; and this because she was not a prince. Actions speak louder and truer than words, and you must form your own opinion upon that point by what follows. This young princess was provided with every means and opportunity to become fitted for the exalted position that it was expected she would, in the future, occupy. And in her father's palace, as she grew up she was a very exalted young woman indeed, in the opinion of the subjects of her father, and she took her rightful place and held it well, comporting herself with proper and gracious dignity, as the mistress of the palace and first lady of the principality. The Grand Duke was pleased, and scarcely ever interfered with her wishes or actions. And I believe that she was happy—at that time. But!—it was determined at the council of the state that I have mentioned, and at which the Grand Duke presided, that this sweet maiden princess should be made a means by which a financial benefit to the depleted treasury might be acquired, and this with the ready approval and consent of her august parent.

It was reasoned thus at the council: It will be

but the loss of one to save the many; and great needs require equally great sacrifices; and other reasons fully as sound and practical were *thought* out, for none of them were given expression—in words.

All present knew the thoughts of the others upon this matter—of its consequences to the young princess,—and being agreed in the matter of the end to be attained, cared not to discuss what they knew would be its outcome to the lady in question. The Grand Duke gave his consent without a murmur, and the matters of detail were undertaken at once to carry forward, the proposed plan.

This was nothing more than to obtain a husband for the princess, yet, without even consulting her upon the subject. Her feelings, her inclinations, would be utterly ignored. Oh, yes, that is the drastic way with royalties; and also with most unroyalties on the continent of Europe with respect to State alliances, and with most other marriage contracts there, as we know. Very un-American, to be sure —especially in respect to the brides!

Had it not been for two circumstances this marriage of the princess as proposed might not have been objectionable for her. In fact, quite the reverse. The prince selected was a young man of good appearance, heir apparent to a not very distant principality, and who would also be possessed of large means upon the deaths of wealthy, near relatives. The knowledge of these circumstances was common property at this court, and it was expected that the occasion for the wedding, including the necessary festivities, would be willingly met by

the burghers of the duchy, who would stand an extra tax for that purpose; but of still greater importance it was intended—a loan should be obtained from the duke, the father of the prince, of a sufficient sum to bridge over the present financial difficulties. Among reasons affording some assurance that their purpose might be effected, was the circumstance that the neighboring duke was but a duke—not a Grand Duke, and therein lay a great difference in their respective ranks. And here rested a hope that the superior alliance which this marriage of his son would afford, would be looked upon with much favor by the Duke his father, and would be something of a make weight in the terms of the negotiation. For, an alliance with royal blood though somewhat removed from the original fountain, was not devoid of great value in arranging such a marriage as this one in Germany.

But there was another reason favorable to the negotiation, yet because of it the members of the council preferred not to discuss its relations to their princess. The prince though young, good looking, and of engaging manners when he chose to exhibit them, had such an evil reputation in the German courts, big ones and little ones, royal courts or those of lesser degree, that he had been ostracized from all such as had any pretence to respectability; and that was saying a good deal for customs in Europe in those days. It was a well known fact also in our Grand Duke's court, that the father of the prince had repeatedly failed in a negotiation for a wife for his son and heir, owing to the son's well known evil

reputation. The final reason was that our princess knew somewhat of the prince by hearsay, and just loathed him!

Well, what was the next move in the drama? An ambassador was sent to the neighboring court to submit the proposal for alliance by marriage. It was jumped at and accepted by the Duke without the least hesitation, and not only every requirement conceded, but the clever ambassador returned with better financial terms—than he had believed possible when he first set out on his connubial—financial expedition. In fact, the empty treasury would be filled, and the time for re-payment, well—long deferred!

Joy was in that Grand Duke's cabinet upon the return of the ambassador and suite; and he was congratulated immediately after, for his adroit handling of the negotiation, in respect to its financial success. But what of the princess, quite unconscious of these important plans, intentions, and negotiations for the sale of herself and her future happiness, to help fill the treasury of the noble father, descendant of kings, emperors and so on?

And yet, here was presented an opportunity to this young princess to serve her country as well as her father, and that by simply making a noble sacrifice of herself and her happiness upon its altar. As a truly patriotic princess, and socially the first lady in the society of the principality, would it not also be her province and her duty to inspire in her father's subjects, upon the plane of duty and sacrifices necessary to accomplish patriotic ends? Ought she not to have gladly, at least cheerfully, at all

events with hereditary pride, consented to perform this noble act of self-immolation, from patriotic motives if from no other; and thus become a martyr to her country's needs, and her father's; going down in the history of that principality, renowned forever as one of its greatest financial benefactors?

But the fact is that when the princess was gently, persuasively, in a word, diplomatically informed of such of the circumstances and intentions of her father and his cabinet ministers as it was deemed politic to tell her, no American girl could have objected in more decided disapproval than did this German princess; and there was great consternation for some time among the high authorities in that grand ducal palace, and cabinet meetings were held behind closed doors, and there was a great deal of talk and speculation in public, occasioned much by what had leaked out through the cracks of the closed doors—which should have had weather strips.

But alas! the pressure brought to bear upon the princess, was very great and this result was finally achieved: that a betrothal was arranged between the princess and the neighboring Duke's son. Of the details of this, and how the betrothal was brought about, Spencer did not appear to be acquainted. At least he did not inform me. But he did state that when the prince with his splendid retinue arrived in the city for the ceremonies of his betrothal to their princess, the cordial welcome that he might have anticipated was not vouchsafed to him by the citizens; and that upon his formal presentation at the palace to his future fiancée, her de-

meanor towards him though replete with dignity was not gracious or in the least encouraging; and that after the betrothal he did not delay his departure, which may have been accounted for by the general lack of courtesy, except from the Grand Duke and his councillors.

Now all this happened about twelve years before our civil war. And it was at a time when our business men were beginning to exploit the continent of Europe for the introduction of some of our manufactures, at the same time receiving consignments of goods from the interior countries of Europe. To what extent these business enterprises had then advanced I do not know; but it seems that business relations with some of our merchants had been established in the capital of this little duchy, and for some reason, to Spencer unknown, there had been trouble and the matter needed a little tactful smoothing out.

Two years before the betrothal of the princess, when she was about eighteen years of age, a statement had been sent from Washington to the American minister at Berlin, giving a brief of the trouble in the Grand Ducal capital, with a request that he would send one of his secretaries to clear it up. To this end he instructed an elderly member of his legation to visit the principality; and, accompanied by a young lieutenant, recently from West Point and temporarily serving as military attache in the legation, he arrived in due course at the capital. Their credentials were presented, the troubles

were soon satisfactorily arranged and, as the elder man desired to become better acquainted with this, to him, new region, he deferred his departure.

Meanwhile, after the first formal reception at the palace, the secretary and attache were received and entertained most cordially. There was very much less formality at this small ducal court than in the more conspicuous royal courts of the German Confederation. At the first function in the palace to which our Americans were invited, the young lieutenant was impressed with the beauty and graceful dignity of the princess. And later, he enjoyed the honor and pleasure of a short conversation with her, and was surprised at the extent of her knowledge of his own country; which she explained she had learned not only from books but from several of her countrymen who, having visited or for awhile resided in the United States, she had conversed with upon their return. He soon discovered that she was a seeker for general information from all available sources, from which she seemed to him to have gathered a surprising amount for a young girl whose life was necessarily as secluded and restricted as her's. He was again very soon invited to the palace. This time his reception was less formal, and although he met and conversed with other ladies of the household, opportunity was made for him by the princess to talk much with her.

I am giving these details as they were repeated to me by my friend Spencer, who said that the lieutenant was fast becoming fascinated with this beautiful, gracious and accomplished princess; and at

the same time, while he and his companion were being hospitably entertained by the citizens of the capital, he seemed to live but for the day that he would again be received at the palace. Yet all the time he felt how unwise he was to permit the sensations that were then possessing him to grow daily, which might afterwards become the source of deep regret and sorrow.

The growing intimacy between the lieutenant and the princess soon became very evident to the former's companion, who also observed the effect that it was having upon his young friend; and these two causes hastened his departure for Berlin. Our young lieutenant's leave of absence, or occasion for being attached to the legation in Berlin, soon expired after his return to that city, and he sailed for New York. He was almost immediately ordered to report for duty at one of the forts on the Missouri, where the Indians were giving trouble. As he was a cavalry officer, his active service on the plains was an almost continuous series of long marches and frequent engagements with the Indians; and when he was promoted to captain, it is to be presumed that it was, in a measure, a reward for arduous, able and gallant service at the front. But his service in the west ended upon his receiving a severe wound, which laid him up for many weeks. He was then ordered east, and given a furlough for six months in which to recover his health.

What should he do with his time, after visiting his home and family? Go abroad? Yes. Revisit

Germany? That would be delightful! Possibly the duchy, and have one more glimpse of his princess? That would not do! It would be rank folly! But he would go to Berlin, and there possibly hear of her. Most probably married, and a Queen, somewhere! Why not? She would make the most beautiful Queen in all Europe, so he thought! And Spencer thought so too! Oh, yes! I have seen her portrait, and in a gold frame, set with precious stones. And I agree with them both.

At Berlin the captain, now a tall, bronzed fine looking officer, was welcomed by the minister and his former companions still remaining there, and he entered into the gaieties afforded the diplomatic corps in that gay city. Then he learned that his princess had but very recently become betrothed, and that preparations for the wedding were in progress at the ducal court. He learned who the bridegroom was to be, and with dreadful forebodings the reports which were almost town talk in Berlin, of the character of the prince; also of the circumstances of the "sale" of the princess to this man of such an evil nature.

The captain was in a great state of distress. Of course, there was nothing he could do but feel sorrow for the princess. He would meet, challenge and kill the prince, but what right had he to do it? and it might involve his country in trouble, since he was a United States army officer. What should he do? It was a problem he at first tried vainly to solve. Suddenly after several weeks of anxious

waiting, he packed his steamer trunk, and took the train for the capital of the duchy.

Installed in a hotel in the small city, he was informed not only of the preparations for the wedding, but of the general disapproval by the citizens —or by the greatest number of them—of the barter that had been made for the princess, who was loved and almost worshipped by them all. And in many instances the talk had been so fierce, that measures had been taken to suppress any possibility of a riot which seemed imminent. All this he learned and much more, for it was reported that the princess had said to the Grand Duke that, although already betrothed to the prince, she would not marry him. But the Grand Duke had remained obdurate.

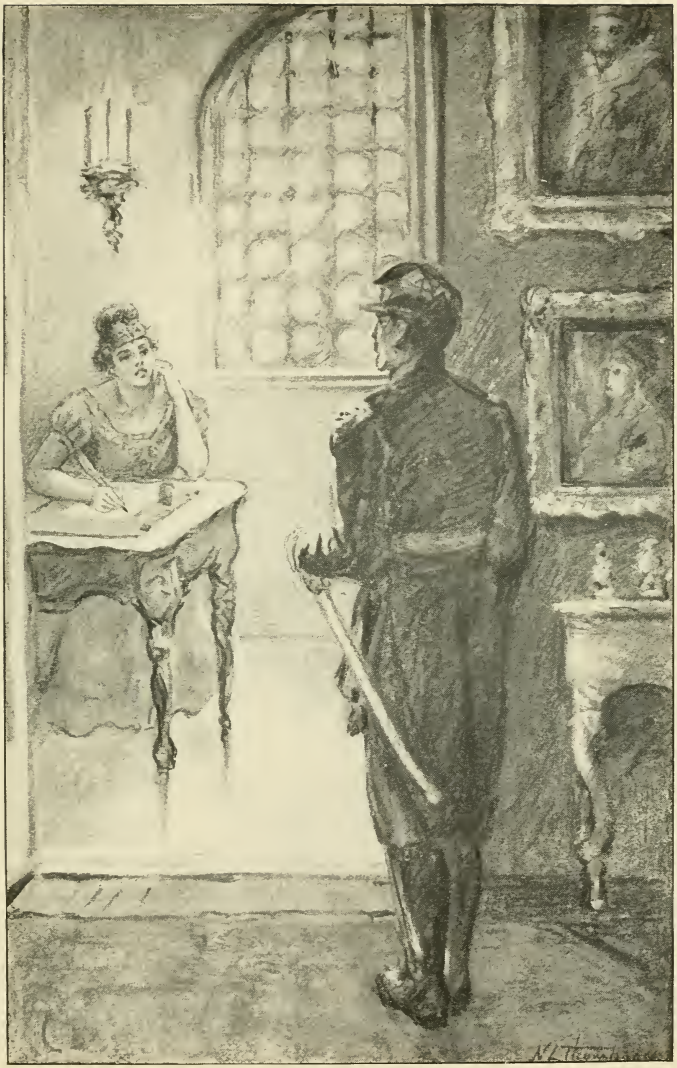
He next learned that the princess had threatened to take her life upon the wedding day. And as she was known to be a girl of her word, this created a great sensation in the city, as well as in the palace. The next report was startling, but threw a great burst of relief and happiness over the community. The betrothal was to be annulled. The wedding would not take place. There followed a general rejoicing throughout the city. Excitement then subsided, and calmness once more resumed its peaceful sway.

Now all this occurred within three or four days after the captain's arrival. He had not presented himself at the palace, although longing and anxious to do so, for, under the circumstances of the excitement and strain within it, he was doubtful if

his reception would be cordial, or his presence approved at such a time. And he felt very certain that the young lady who was the cause of it all would be at that time invisible to him, and most likely confined to her own apartments in the palace, by a disappointed, foiled and enraged parent. Of the other members of the household he knew little and cared less. So he remained at his hotel awaiting events; visiting a few of his former acquaintances, or riding about the country, which was picturesque and attractive. His time being his own to amuse himself as opportunity offered, a week or more slipped by, rapidly and pleasantly.

As I have stated, the city resumed its everyday calmness, and the same was apparently true of the palace; so that one day about a fortnight after peace had been declared by the report of the renouncement of the betrothal, the captain decided he would present himself at the court. There were certain hours allotted for presentations, and availing himself of the right one for that day, he was ushered into a large room up one flight of the grand stairway, and informed that the Grand Duke was then occupied but would give him an audience shortly.

Now the room into which the captain was ushered was a very large one with a low dias at the farther end, upon which stood the ducal chair of state. The walls were hung with portraits, battle scenes and many pictures of historical import and value, and this hall being in fact the audience chamber of the palace, where the rulers of this principality



"Sitting * * * with her pen in hand—his princess."

had held their ducal state during many generations. It was an interesting hall to visit, and our captain, left alone, became deeply interested in the many portraits and pictures that covered the walls. He had seen them all before, but had never examined them with care. The season was early autumn. The weather was warm. Several of the windows were open to cool the great hall. There were many doors leading from it, and, as the captain passed around and examined the pictures—and he was no inexperienced judge of works of art—a sudden gust of wind which came through one of the windows forced an unlatched door directly opposite to him wide open. He heard a sudden exclamation, and turning, saw, sitting at a table in the adjoining room, with her pen in hand, evidently interrupted in her composition,—his princess. Yes, there she sat, with a look of surprise, astonishment and inquiry upon her face, confronting him.

As for our captain, for one moment he stood stock still; then with true American assurance, he advanced across the great room toward the open door.

As he came forward the princess arose to greet him. Think of the circumstances! This United States officer of an Indian fighting cavalry regiment, and a princess of royal blood, meeting in this chance manner in a ducal palace in Germany! And also think of the chance causes that had begun their knowledge of each other; the events that had happened to both of them since that time; and their

sudden meeting, unexpected by one, barely hoped for by the other! It was a rare moment.

Spencer recognized it as such, and with his fine powers of portrayal, drew a picture that to my mind was so vivid in its delineation that it is there today as fresh as when told me a quarter of a century ago.

The greeting of the princess was most cordial. The door was closed. A moment later these two young people were sitting beside each other upon a divan in this side room of the ducal assembly chamber.

What words passed between them were not known to Spencer. But this much did transpire, of which he told me in his narrative. The princess informed the captain that, according to the custom or tradition of her people, and in fact of all Germany, a young woman of royal rank who renounces a betrothal contract is practically debarred from marriage with any person of her rank; and that in her case her father had threatened that if he accepted her refusal to wed the prince he should immure her in a convent for the remainder of her life. This alternative she abhorred almost as much as that of the marriage with the evil prince from whom she had barely escaped. Also preparation was then in progress for what to her, with her strong, young vitality, and love of her hitherto, joyous life and activities in her world, seemed like a life sentence to a prisoner.

Now the fact that all these confidences were confided to an American cavalry captain by a princess

of royal blood and descent was, no doubt, very reprehensible, possibly lacking in royal dignity, and greatly to be disapproved of and condemned by many very proper people of all ranks and conditions. But it was nevertheless a fact; and as such—learn the result!

Then spoke the captain, who, in later years became noted for his prompt, bold and successful attacks upon the Confederate troops during the civil war.

Said he: "There is one way open to you to escape the convent; and it is the best one, and the only one in my mind at the present moment. You have possessed my admiration from the day I first had the honor of meeting you, more than two years ago. And during the few subsequent days that you so graciously permitted me to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation and society in my brief visit to this city, you won my heart and deepest love, although I inwardly fought against the presumption of acknowledging it to myself, feeling its utter hopelessness.

"But it was this hopeless love that inspired me to come to your city, bringing the unconquerable desire to see you once more before you became the wife of the prince to whom you were betrothed.

"I do not ask you for your love, yet, for it seems too great a presumption and happiness for me to expect. But if you will waive and forfeit your rights and rank in your father's dominions, and become the wife of an officer of the army of the United States, who loves you dearly, I will arrange the

details of your departure from this city, and of our subsequent marriage. After which, when you have trodden the soil of my free republic, which will be our home, no power this side of the Atlantic can ever reach to disturb you."

This is what, or nearly what, Spencer said the Captain said. It is near enough to the facts, at all events.

It won the battle, if there was any serious opposition, which I doubt! The details were as follows: The princess made a journey to Berlin. A marriage was performed in that city and, immediately after it, the wedded couple hastened to Liverpool, and in due course their safe arrival in New York was reported to their friends at the legation in Berlin.

And the climax of this singular history given me by my friend Spencer, was his statement: "That princess is my mother."

SOUTH AFRICAN STORIES

THE ALBATROSS

The ship Samuel Appleton, Doane, Master, sailed from New York February 10, 1859, bound for Shanghai, China, with myself a passenger. This voyage was to me the outcome of the circumstance that I had inherited the roving tastes of my ancestors which bred in me the desire to break away from my native environment and seek my future in the picturesque Orient. My father, a Boston merchant, had provided me with necessary introductions to eastern mercantile houses, a small store of gold and silver, and an ample outfit for my journey and expected long absence from home. The novelty of this, my first voyage, was the realization of what for a long time had been my dearest hope, and was an event full of the keenest enjoyment. I had been much among the ships engaged in the East India and China trades, when they were moored to our Boston wharves discharging or loading their cargoes, and was more or less familiar by hearsay and observation with a life on board one of them. But the reality filled my most sanguine hopes. And although later events cast a shadow over much of the enjoyment, my recollection of the voyage as a whole is replete with pleasant memories.

It was with a light heart filled with glowing anticipations that I watched the outline of the New Jersey coast gradually disappear from view. And our fine ship, breasting the heavy swells of the At-

lantic, forged ahead upon her south-easterly course to open up to me new and unexpected vistas in the panorama of my life.

No event of importance occurred until one night when off the Bermudas we encountered a severe "white squall," the effect of which was to pitch me out of my berth as the vessel suddenly lay over so far on her side that at one moment it was contemplated to cut away the rigging to windward, when, recovering her perpendicular, she was put before the wind, fortunately upon her true course. Picking myself up from a collection of books, bed clothes, and other matters that strewed the floor of my stateroom, I hastily went on deck to learn the nature of this new and very startling experience.

As we approached the tropics, the temperature rose rapidly. And before we reached the equator, I would often bring my mattress on deck, where I would pass the night. I do not intend wearying my readers with a detailed account of the life of a passenger on board a sailing ship, it has been so often written. Briefly, there were the gorgeous sunsets of the tropics to admire each evening. There was also the wonderful living world, the home of myriads of small crustaceans, and minute organisms that inhabit the immense floating mass of sea-weed called Sargasso sea,—and it was a source of great entertainment to me, to scoop up with a bucket masses of this weed and examine the contents. Then there was the graceful, fragile nautilus, or "Portuguese man of war" as it is called by seamen, sailing around our vessel in the low latitudes, one of which

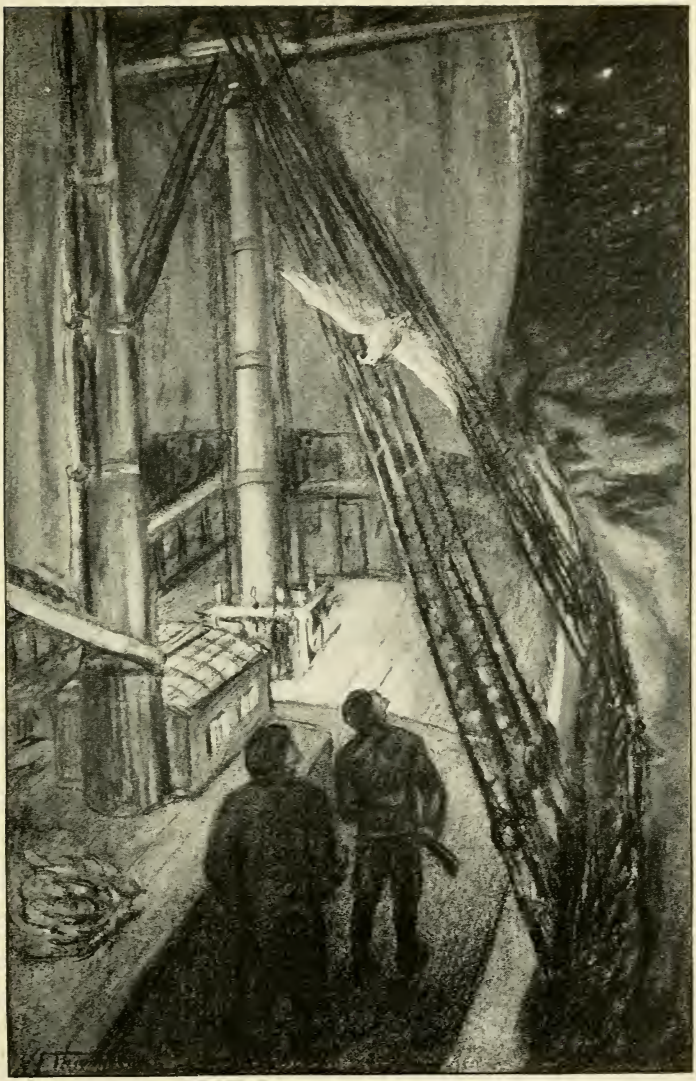
we were fortunate in capturing and which, with the captured inhabitants of the sea-weed, afforded me much amusement in the large tub of salt water in which they were given a temporary home. I amused myself with endeavors to spear porpoises or bonito from the martingale. And the ceremonies incident to the boarding of our ship by Father Neptune when we crossed the Line, were to me a decidedly novel adventure. Then I had my books, of which I had brought a goodly stock with me. In fine weather, I spent many hours aloft in one of the tops, and this was a source of great delight, especially when the vessel was running before the wind, and would sway from side to side.

There were many other incidents of interest to a young man upon his first voyage, that happened as we sped on our way southward, but I must skip these to come to that portion of the voyage that brought about the complete change in my destiny as contemplated when I left my home. I do not consider that I am more superstitious than the average of my Boston contemporaries; and I have yet to find the man, who, I believe, at the bottom of his heart, although he may deny and ignore the facts to himself, will not be guided in some of his actions by certain little superstitions that he may have acquired when a child. These have clung to him; and although he laughs at the apparent folly, he will not pass under that ladder on the sidewalk, for instance, or care to sit at dinner the thirteenth at table.

Up to the time that we had rounded and passed

to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, excepting the "white squall" off the Bermudas, our voyage had in every way been a most favorable one. I had been much interested in watching the great sea birds, the albatross and gannets; and one day one of the former was captured. A large hook was bent on to the log line, baited with a piece of pork, trailed out astern, and soon an albatross made a dash for the pork, and the hook, lodging in his curved beak, he was hauled on board. His wings spread out measured fourteen feet from tip to tip. I was very anxious to preserve his head, with its long curved beak, and also the wings. But the bird being alive, and apparently uninjured—though its neck must have been very considerably stretched —the captain objected to its being killed, and it was presently tossed from the quarter deck, and soon alighting on the waves, which were running high, disappeared from our view.

One evening, a few days later, I was walking with Captain Doane. It was a clear starlight night, and presently our attention was attracted to an albatross directly over our heads. The bird hovered above us for a few seconds, and then sailed off, making a wide sweep, but returning again, apparently to inspect the bright light that shone through the cabin skylight. I remarked to Captain Doane that it was a good shot; and as he made no spoken objection, I went to my stateroom where I had a fowling piece, both barrels of which were loaded with No. 4 shot. During the past few days I had endeavored to shoot birds called "Cape Pig-



"I RAISED MY GUN AND FIRED."

eons" that came about our vessel, and would occasionally cross between the masts. My endeavor had been to drop one on deck, but up to that time without success. The shots were not wanton, as the birds were said to be quite palatable.

I dropped a few buck shot into one of the barrels and quickly returned on deck. The albatross soon appeared again above the mizzen top gallant mast. I raised my gun and fired. To my own surprise, as well as to the very great astonishment of Captain Doane, the bird fell, and exactly in line of the deck where we were standing, but as he reached the shrouds his pinions hit them, and he bounded outward and was lost. That was the evening of the thirteenth of April, my nineteenth birthday.

Who can forget the immortal lines of Coleridge:

"God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" "With my crossbow
I shot the albatross!"

or would not linger over the gruesome verses of that classic poem?

That night Captain Doane was not well when he went to his stateroom, and the following morning was unable to leave his berth, and his illness increased so rapidly that the mates became very much alarmed. Four days after the killing of the bird, we encountered a "southeaster," one of those terrible gales for which the southeast coast of Africa is noted. During the gale a young man named Higgins, from Cape Cod, was lost overboard. The

vessel was hove to. A volunteer crew in one of the ship's boats endeavored to rescue him; but although a life buoy had been thrown to him by the man at the wheel, and which he secured, the gale was so terrific that the boat could make no headway against it, and both it and the ship drifted rapidly to leeward. This loss cast a gloom over the ship. The captain was in awful distress, for this boy—about sixteen years of age—with three others from his home on the Cape, had been confided to him, as apprentices. A thunder storm was the next visitant. The lightning struck the forward top, but did no serious damage. Then it was reported that the ship was leaking. And I can still, in my memory, hear the ceaseless clank of the pumps. The last disaster that I can recall was the shipping of a heavy sea, the impact of which in the vessel's waist was of such force as to stave out the bulwarks in several places.

Now, with the many superstitions for which sailors are notorious, especially that one relating to the killing of the albatross, it might have gone hard with me had it become known forward that I had killed the bird. But most fortunately for me, there was but one other beside the captain made aware of the circumstance,—namely, the man at the wheel.

This man, Jim, as he was called, had formerly been a soldier in the United States Dragoons, and was a good fencer. I had made a pair of wooden foils in the carpenter shop, and the captain permitted him to come aft and fence with me when his watch

was off duty. This man was so discreet as to say nothing forward of the killing of the bird. And in my thoughts I have been ever grateful to him for his very great discretion.

Owing to the captain's illness together with the damage that the vessel had sustained, the officers decided to make for the nearest port, and on the 23rd of April we entered Algoa Bay and anchored in the offing of Port Elizabeth. Captain Doane was conveyed on shore and sent home in the barque Gemsbok, then loading for Boston,—dying soon after his arrival.

The Samuel Appleton, in charge of the First Mate, Mr. Freeman, soon proceeded on her voyage to China where, I subsequently learned, she was condemned. But I had concluded to remain, to see something of that South African country, and possibly, later, continue my voyage to China as the opportunity might present itself.

My residence of nearly three years in that colony, half of which time was passed in the interior, and my subsequent three years of military service during the civil war, are not of this reminiscence, except that they were distinctly the outcome of the disasters attending the ship Samuel Appleton which immediately succeeded my killing of the albatross on the evening of my nineteenth birthday.

The inference is apparent. Is there truth in this singular superstition that is so universally believed by mariners the world over, that disaster is sure to overtake the vessel from which an albatross has been killed? The circumstances as I have given

them are absolutely true. They are noted as a proposition to be entertained by those who may be interested in the investigation of so called supernatural phenomena; and the peculiar coincidence which is sometimes observed of occurrences that would seem to bear out certain superstitions, particularly in matters concerning ships and sailors. The facts to be considered are as follows: After a prosperous voyage from February 10th until the 13th of April—my birthday and the day that I shot the bird—death, disaster, and another death followed the ship and its captain from that fateful day until the ship was condemned in China, when but half her voyage was completed. As for myself who did the deed, with the negative approval of the captain, it is an unanswerable question whether the change in my destiny was for better or for worse. Certainly I am fairly satisfied with the result.

As for my opinion in regard to the superstition, putting this event with other queer "coincidences" that I have experienced; no matter how very tempting the opportunity may be,—I have killed my last albatross!

THE SCOTCH TOAST

It was a very excellent dinner that we had just finished—my friend Julian and I; and sitting on the balcony to which we had adjourned for our coffee and cigars, I gave an order to the waiter who had brought the coffee, for a bottle of the rare '42 Port wine for which this London club was famous.

As the waiter turned to leave the balcony, Julian stopped him, and facing me, exclaimed:

"Pray do not order any wine for me!"

"Oh, yes, Julian! Just this one bottle of Port! It is my favorite wine here, and the one bottle will not be too much for us to manage. Besides you will appreciate its excellence, I am very sure."

"Order for yourself, if you please, but not for me," was his rejoinder; "and don't be hurt because I must decline. I have good sound reasons for doing so. I reached my limit in wine for today at our dinner."

The order was countermanded, and the waiter departed.

Julian and I were Yankees from Boston. We had both served in the army during the civil war, in the cavalry regiment in which we had both held commissions, and it was twenty years after its close that we had met in London and renewed the friendships of earlier, and of army days. It had been more than delightful for me to meet my once school companion and later comrade again, and for several

days past I had been acting the part of host, Julian sharing my quarters in London where I had been domiciled for half a year.

Upon the departure of the waiter, I remarked to Julian: "You drank but little wine at dinner, and I have counted upon that particular Port wine to top off with. Now, what's your fine reason for refusing?"

"Oh, it was long ago that it happened!"

"It happened! What happened? Did you swear off on diamond C. Commissary whiskey? No, because you are not a teetotaller! But what was it that happened?"

"You know that in 1859, just before our civil war, I sailed for China."

"Yes."

"And that I did not get there."

"Yes, I know that also, and the ship you were on was nearly wrecked, and put into some port in South Africa for repairs, and that you remained there when the vessel continued her voyage."

"Now you better finish this yarn yourself, as you seem to know so much about it!" Julian fired at me.

"Oh, I was only trying to help you along, for I am in a hurry to get at the meat of the nut."

"I'll forgive you then; but I expect you will be disappointed, however, if you are expecting a tale of South African adventure among the Boers and blacks.

"What I am going to tell may not seem much to you, but it was a turning point that became an in-

fluence in my life, and has continued so up to the present time.

"I was just turned nineteen years old, and that had something to do with the circumstance,—I mean my age had.

"At Port Elizabeth where our ship—the 'Samuel Appleton'—took refuge for repairs, I met a young man, a few years older than myself, named Samuel Heal. He also was from Boston. He was prospering in business at Port Elizabeth, and with two companions—Forbes a Scotchman, and Gordon who claimed to be German—occupied an attractive bungalow upon the hilly portion of the town overlooking Algoa Bay. Their home was a rather sumptuous bachelors' quarters, and I was given a most cordial invitation to remain as their guest while our ship was in port. The house, situated on the hillside, was of one story in which we lived, with a basement where the cooking was done. The latter had a cool cellar excavated in the hillside, for wines; and this cellar was very well stocked with them, as I more than once observed.

"The living floor contained eight large, airy rooms orientally furnished. From their French windows we stepped out upon broad piazzas commanding a fine view of the town, and of the harbor full of ships riding at anchor beyond the great breakers that rolled in from the distant ocean. This was an ideal habitation for bachelors, living in a tropical climate. But to a Boston boy of Puritan ancestry, whose bringing up had been to a large extent puritanical,

the manner of life in this delightful abode was a revelation, indeed!

"Now to make this story reasonably short—for you say it's the meat of the nut that you are after—I must cut out a good deal of the detail of our life in these quarters, and so will strike right *at* the meat, as you call it; and I hope its taste will suit *your* palate.

"A week after my advent at the bungalow, my hosts gave a stag dinner,—as they said, to celebrate my visit. At all events, I was given the seat of honor at the table; and during the early courses, my wine glasses were rather frequently re-filled to enable me to respond to the cordial words of welcome to South Africa that were given me by the many guests at the table. But at the champagne I drew the line, and my glass remained untasted thereafter.

"At my home in Boston, I had rarely tasted wine, and only upon very special occasions was it ever seen upon my father's dinner table. On board our ship, the captain had not infrequently added a bottle of choice Madeira to our dinner fare—after the mates had left the table, however. And he had also initiated me into the mysteries of what he termed 'Medford grog;' but for this latter I could not acquire a liking. It was too suggestive of what was used for medicinal purposes on me when a boy.

"At the dinner table upon this eventful day, there were eight guests, besides my three hosts and myself. And although a good many years are past since then, I recall the names of all of them. Four

were Scotch; three were English; three were American, one Irish, and one German.

"Five different peoples represented at that table!

"The courses were dispatched and cleared away, and in their stead coffee, cordials and cigars were substituted, and wines replaced. In the centre of the table was landed a large punch bowl, full of the most seductive, but heady beverage I have ever tasted,—Arrack Punch. I had sipped a little of the punch, early that morning, as it was being compounded by one of my hosts; and delicious as it was, its potency was unmistakable. I had then concluded that if I would retire to my bed, sober, that night, I must draw very lightly upon the contents of that fateful bowl, at the coming dinner.

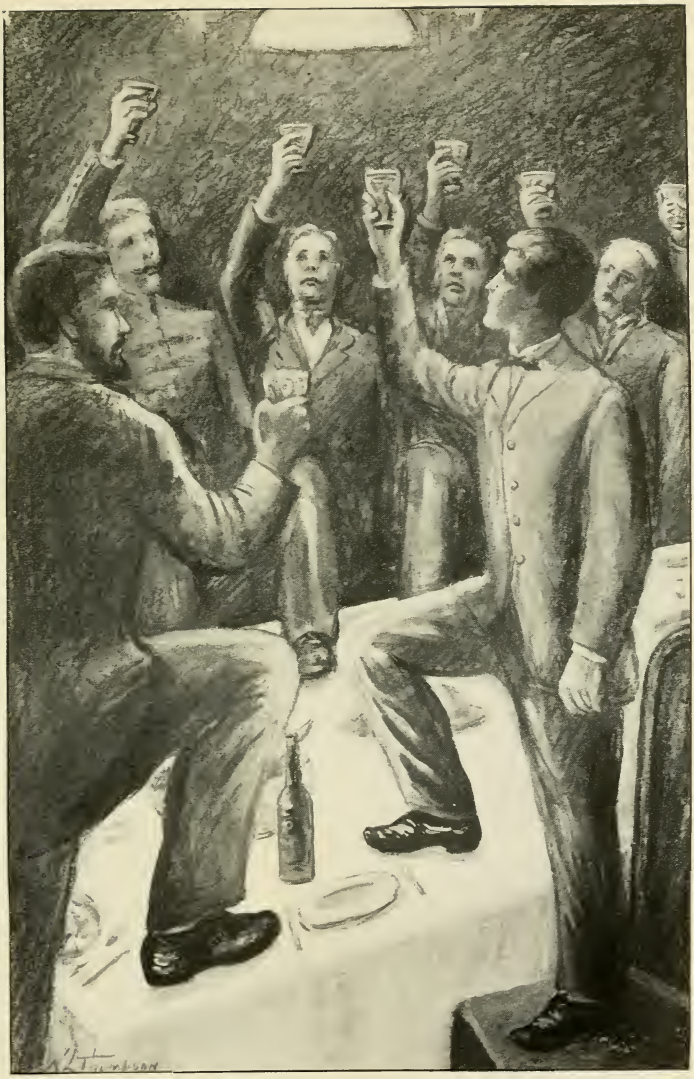
"The coffee and cordials were finished, cigars lighted, and a large goblet, full to the brim from the punch bowl, was placed before each person at the table. Then, immediately upon the withdrawal of the servants, Her Majesty the Queen was toasted, all standing in response to the toast. Next in order came the President of the United States. Then myself as guest of honor. In response to each of these toasts, I had but touched my lips to the brim of my goblet, feeling that, unused to wine drinking as I had been until so recently, I had already drunk during the dinner fully as much as I ought. Not that I had much fear of it, but I had an instinctive feeling that I ought not drink any more that evening,—that I had already taken as much as I ought if I would retain my self-respect. Thus, as I have

stated, the punch in my goblet, remained undiminished in quantity, up to the moment of the last toast given and drunk by the others.

"The next toast proposed was for Scotland. Now the manner, or rather the form of drinking the Scotch national toast is unique, and to me when its procedure was described I think mainly for my personal instruction, it proved a novel surprise.

"Each person was to stand with his left foot resting upon the seat of his chair; his right foot on the table, his goblet in his right hand raised above his head; and the toast being given he was expected to drain the goblet of its contents; and resuming his seat, place his goblet bottom upward before him on the table. In British dominions, to omit any of these formalities, was regarded as sternly as to refuse to respond to the toast to the Queen of England. Of this fact I was not then aware; but I most fully realized by the decided and forceful manner in which these instructions were stated, that offence would be given should I neglect to perform any detail of them. This thought filled my mind with apprehension, as the formula of the toast was being stated by one of the Scotch gentlemen; and the signal being given, the goblets were freshly filled, and we all arose from our seats.

"I held my goblet in my hand. It was full to the brim, containing nearly a pint of that terrible though most delicious Arrack punch. Should I empty the contents of this goblet down my throat, and not only suffer the consequences, including intoxication



"THE TOAST WAS GIVEN."

which would surely be the result, but perform an act which I felt was a wrong one,—to drink more liquor than I knew was right and proper for me to do? Or, on the other hand, should I permit myself to give serious offence to four Scotch gentlemen, one of whom was my host Forbes, whose generous hospitality I was enjoying?

"This I am giving you, is the meat of a nut that was the hardest shelled one that I ever had to crack! I was by far, the youngest man of those present at table, their ages ranging upward from twenty-five to fifty years. The company was composed of lawyers, merchants, a surgeon of the British infantry stationed at Graham's Town, a captain of the Royal Engineer Corps, and a captain of an American ship anchored in the harbor. All were such as are termed 'men of the world,' and most punctilious in matters of etiquette, of which the present one was an example.

"I was given but little time to decide upon which course I should pursue. To drink or not to drink—was the then vital question with me! I put my left foot on the seat of my chair; then up and my right foot rested upon the table. The toast was given. I felt and saw, that more than one pair of eyes were directed toward me from across the table. My host Forbes sat almost directly opposite. It was a most awful moment! I feel the sensation of the conflict in my mind, again, as I am telling of it.

"Should I, or should I not? were the questions that chased themselves through my thoughts, as I

held the goblet aloft. At the proper moment the goblet was carried to his lips by each man, including myself. Then we resumed our seats at the table. All around the table were empty, upturned goblets. But before me, was my goblet, right end up and full to the brim of Arrack Punch.

"You know what tight corners you and I were forced into at times, in the civil war, when an instant decision for one way or the other, meant possibly a life or death issue. Well, my decision this time was not made, I believe, until the rim of that glass rested against my lips. And it was done then, in the merest fraction of a second. But oh, so hard to make!

" 'Mr. Davis has not responded to the toast!' came instantly from the lower end of the table, sternly delivered by one of the Scotch gentlemen.

" 'Empty your glass!' whispered Heal, upon whose right I sat.

"For the space of a half minute perfect silence reigned around the table, but every eye was directed at me. The men were all somewhat heated by the wines and more so by the recent goblets of punch. But they were gentlemen, all; and there had been nothing boisterous or unseemly in their behavior. It was very evident however that the men of Scotland were in dead earnest that their national toast should be properly responded to in every detail, and their ominous looks plainly indicated, either that I should drain my goblet, or serious trouble would surely ensue—the nature of which I could but con-

jecture. My heart beats, which I could feel pounding my ribs, must have been heard by those sitting next to me. Then, upon a sudden impulse I arose, glanced at the expectant faces and said:

" 'Gentlemen, I meant no discourtesy to you or to Scotland, by omitting to empty my goblet; but I am accustomed to drinking wine or spirits but sparingly—and I feel that I have already taken at this table as much as I ought.'

"As I resumed my seat, hot remarks were made, especially by the Scotchmen, and the room was filled with many voices. Then, during a momentary lull, the same man who had propounded the remark relative to my full glass, fired at me the following inquiry:

" 'Does Mr. Davis decline to respond to our toast?'

"I had started up to again protest, when instantly my friend Heal pressed my shoulder as he arose; and his reply was so sudden it was like an echo to the last remark. His keen black eyes seemed to flash out sparks of fire, as the words came from his mouth.

" 'My friend, Mr. Davis, gentlemen, is my guest, in this, my house. In this matter of drinking his punch he has decided and acted as he deemed right. He has amply apologized to you—and as my guest and my friend I sustain him in his decision and action!'

"The Scotch gentleman, still standing, was about to make some heated reply, when he was suddenly interrupted by an English lawyer,—a man some

fifty years of age, and who up to that moment had been quietly observing the animated controversy. Being the oldest man present, and one prominent professionally and socially in that community of Port Elizabeth, he had been given the further end of the table opposite my friend Heal, at whose right as I have stated I sat. As this new speaker arose, all voices ceased, and with a calm, but very decided intonation he remarked:

" 'Gentlemen, I have listened to and most cordially agree with our American friend, Mr. Davis, in his reason for not performing an act—I mean that of drinking his glass of punch—when his good sense tells him that he has reached the limit of what he may drink without injury to his health, or contrary to his belief in what is right and what is wrong as respects himself. As a stranger to Scottish customs, he may not have fully realized how deeply you, my Scotch friends, regard the exact performance of such matters as the present one. And also, gentlemen, what is as much, if not more to the purpose, I honor him for having had the courage to live up to his convictions!' Then leaving his seat, he passed the men upon my side of the table, and as he reached me with his hand extended, gave me a cordial grasp that made my fingers ache. He was immediately followed by another of the guests, and I was then approached, and my aching hand grasped in turn by every man in the room.

"It was a most surprising ovation that I then received; the threatening clouds had been dispersed

without the tempest, calmed by this English friend, and the remainder of the evening—well, that is another story. The words of this lawyer friend, however, sank deeply in my memory—that I had had the courage to say or act 'No!' when I felt that it was right that I should do so. The hardship of the breaking of the ice the first time, was the crucial test. After that, to say 'No!' has come easier."

THE TELLTALE SCAR.

He was visiting me, this once restless, adventurous spirit, who, for many years had quartered the two hemispheres, just for the love of adventure. And then having met his fate, had married and settled down to a quiet, almost uneventful life. We were, at the time of which I am writing, both comparatively young men, and not long from the exigencies of service in the then recent civil war.

It was late one warm August evening that we were lounging in our pajamas just before turning in to our cot beds, and had, over our go-to-bed pipes and whiskey, been yarning of some army experiences, when Julian, in crossing his legs as he lay on his back on a wicker lounge, exposed an ugly scar just above his left instep.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, "where did you get that scratch on your foot? I never heard that you were hit, there."

"Oh, it's nothing," he replied, "it was before the war."

"Well, let's have the yarn before we turn in."

"Oh, I can't! I don't care to think of some of it. It was long ago, and wasn't much, anyway."

"I'll bet there was a woman in it, sure! Come, I'm right, am I not? Yes, I see it in your face,—there was a girl! Let's have it."

"A girl—yes,—that was just it." And his eyes

were raised to the ceiling in a long, unobservant stare.

I remained silent, feeling that the words must come soon that would give me the adventure, for such I knew it must have been, knowing my friend almost as well as I knew myself. His face flushed, he became restless, though still blankly staring at the spruce rafters above us in the Adirondack cottage camp. But his thoughts were surely far, far away in some distant retrospect. Suddenly he gave a discordant laugh; sat upright on the lounge, drawing his legs and feet up to his body, crossed them—and spoke.

"Yes, it was a good while ago—1860; just before the civil war. I was living, for a few months, in Queenstown, Cape Colony. You know about that, of course. I was youngish—about twenty. Living with an English friend, Linton—bachelors' quarters. We had hired a little house, and ran it, with a white woman to cook, and a Kaffir boy to mind the horses.

"There was a family in the town that had a daughter. They were nice people as society went there, and lived well,—none better. Were known to the officers at Tilden, a military post near by,—about twenty-five miles. The daughter was pretty, but flirtish and some wildish; meant no harm; was innocent and sweet, but chock full of superabundant vitality. The family before coming to South Africa—they were English—had traveled. The girl had met American girls, and the contact had left its mark in her rather free ways with men. Of

course, all right with our girls, who know how to take care of themselves so well—but—not safe to be copied, abroad. Well, some of these Johnnies didn't seem to quite understand it—and said things—and I heard 'em.

"Living at a hotel in the town was a young Englishman, well to do. Had come to the Colony for his health—had a cough. I had made his acquaintance,—rather liked him. He was fond of hunting. He also knew the girl; had known her much longer than I. He and I used to ride out together on the Karroo—long distances, sometimes. One afternoon, just after tiffin, we started for a ride to a Dutch kraal, about fifteen miles. We each carried revolvers, not for defence,—there was no need. But I, to knock over a wild guinea fowl, of which there were plenty in the bushy parts of the country; and it was the same with him, who was a good shot with a revolver.

"We had ridden a few miles at a pretty good pace, when drawing up our horses to breathe them our talk lapsed into the subject of our mutual acquaintance, the girl; and presently he repeated some disparaging remark that he said he had heard.

"I replied, 'It's a black lie!'

"He then, turning towards me, with a repellent expression on his face that I had never before seen there, exclaimed,

" 'I don't half think so. John swore he could take any liberties with her that he wanted to!'

" 'John is a liar, villain and coward, and you are as bad to give publicity to such lying slander.'

"His quick reply was, 'Damn you and her! She is a strumpet!'

"I was riding on his right. In my hand was a heavy hunting crop with a long flexible lash with which I had been accustoming my horse to its crack, at the same time cutting leaves off the low Karroo bushes at the roadside.

"As the opprobrious words cracked into my ear, with all the power in my right arm I drove the lash across his face and felt it curl around the back of his head. With a jerk I loosened it and swung my arm for another stroke. The lash fell, as I distinctly saw, right across his eyes. But that circumstance possibly saved my life, for the revolver that he had grasped, cocked and aimed at me was deflected from its aim, and as he fired, the bullet made that scar that you see just above my instep. The next instant my horse went down, and I was thrown with much force on the hard, rocky road, with a thud at the back of my head that made me unconscious. How long I remained in this condition I could only guess, when I opened my eyes to the evening twilight.

"With pains in my bones, I sat up and looked around me, and then tried to remember. I was evidently alone on this broad, desolate Karroo-veldt, miles from any habitation. The sun had set behind dim mountains that appeared in the distance, and night was coming on fast. Then I tried to think: what did it all mean? Yes, I remembered the ride, the Englishman, the slander, the whip, a

"THE LASH FELL, * * * RIGHT ACROSS HIS EYES."

pistol shot; and I felt all over my bruised body for the result of it.

"Then my eyes caught the red stain on the white canvas shoe. It came off in a jiffy—the shoe— but it hurt; and the track of the bullet was marked by clotted and dried blood. It was but a slight wound, however, as you may now see; harmless but painful, and my foot about the ankle was badly swollen.

"I scanned the Karroo in all directions for my horse, or any other horse or conveyance. Nothing living in sight. My hunting crop lay near my hand, and with its aid I attempted to rise to my feet. I stood on one; on the other it was torture to bear my weight. I was again sitting on the road bed. It was very hard, and I crawled to the side, where there were some low bushes that made an easier seat. And I was, oh, so thirsty! Then I began again to think over the present and the recent circumstances. I had but one course of action and that was inaction: to wait until someone came along to pick me up. Why had I been left on the Karroo by that man who had shot at me? I had reasoned thus: he had believed me dead; that the shot or the fall had killed me. No doubt I had looked it; and in a panic of fear if not remorse, he, without dismounting, half blinded by the stroke of the whiplash across his face and eyes, had fled.

"My horse—the shot must have struck him also. Gone home, probably. That would inform Linton, from whom I might then expect aid. He would realize an accident and knowing my intended destination would lose not a moment's time; and I put my ear

to the ground to listen for the sound of galloping horses. Dead silence! Oh, so dead! It grew dark rapidly, and I was so thirsty—so very thirsty. I tried to crawl along the road, but after a few rods the pain became so excrutiating, that I gave it up.

"I think that immediately after this attempt, I fainted; and I must have remained unconscious a good while, for when my senses returned I felt I was in some moving machine, and the jar of it gave me pain in my foot and other bruised bones. Then I knew! The familiar crack of the long whip-lash, accompanied by the Kaffir's yells to his oxen, told me where I was—in a buck wagon, going—somewhere.

"I called out, 'Hello there!' The response was immediate from the front end of the wagon.

" 'Dain you's isn't daid, Boss! I's jus' glad; but what fo' you tumble on de road laik daid man?'

" 'Give me some water.'

" 'Yas, Boss, here you is,' and the speaker handed me, in the dim light, a tin cup full of the warm but oh, so refreshing liquid, which I drained to the last drop.

" 'Another.'

" 'No, Boss,—bime-bye some more. Where is you mos' hurted?' And I told him, my foot.

A lantern with a candle in it soon cast a feeble glow upon this tail end of a long but almost empty wagon, and a Kaffir boy, just stepping into manhood, almost naked, with the figure of an Apollo in the color of dull copper, and a face handsome in its

South African features, was kneeling before me. But oh, such kindly sympathy as was expressed in those handsome, brilliant eyes, that caught the rays of light from the lantern in flashes like the heat lightning, as he moved about, and with gentle, skillful hand, first dampened and then dressed my wounded foot in some mysterious manner that relieved it of much of its throbbing pain. In other ways he made my rest easier, by adding and adjusting sheepskins to my rough couch. All this time he was chatting away, telling me how the driver had discovered me on the roadside through the actions of his leading oxen, there being no forelooper to guide them. This boy was asleep, then, in the wagon. Of course I early learned our destination: a Boer kraal a few miles further on. But it is getting very late and I must end this yarn.

"Arrived at the kraal of the Dutchman, whom I happened to know, I was well cared for that night by his vrau, and before dawn the next morning my Kaffir boy-nurse-of-the-wagon was dispatched to Queenstown with a note from me for Linton. Roused up early, and hardly waiting for a cup of coffee while the horses were being put in our Cape cart, Linton galloped out of town, and before nine o'clock pulled up at my Dutch friend's door. My horse had not returned to our stable, but was later brought in by the farmer from whom I had originally bought him, and to whose farm he had returned, uninjured. Linton had concluded that I had remained for the night at my intended destination.

"By one o'clock that day, I was at home eating tiffin, and discussing with Linton and a visitor, singular news that the latter had brought. Living at the same hotel as the Englishman, he had known him as a pleasant acquaintance. He stated that the previous afternoon about four o'clock, the man had rushed into the hotel, his face in an awful state, inflamed and with red welts across it, and both eyelids swollen and black, with black rings around the eyes as though he had been pommeled. He at once packed up his traps, settled his account with the landlord and left the town for Port Elizabeth, in the mail cart at five o'clock, looking scared out of his wits. Said he'd got pitched from his horse, and the bushes got into his eyes, and he was going to get them cured. We at the hotel think it a lie about the bushes. They were whip wales on his face. And as he went out with you, I want to know just what did happen?

"Our friend was admitted to our confidence, but the tale went no further in Cape Colony.

"We finally decided that the man was sufficiently punished,—the whip lash, injured eyes, with flight from fear of being apprehended as a murderer. And as we learned subsequently, the flight did not end until he landed in England—if then.

"And the girl? Prosaic! Less than a year later, I read the announcement of her marriage, in a Cape Colony paper. It was, as far as I know, satisfactory in every way.

"Now let's turn in!"

CIVIL WAR MEMORIES

PARSON BROWNLOW

In this year of grace nineteen hundred and seven, I wonder how many loyal sons of the United States there are who ever heard of Parson Brownlow; or how many are now living of "the boys in blue of '61" who can recall the once familiar name of that courageous old man, who was, before and during early civil war times, a most unwelcome though persistent resident of Knoxville, Tennessee? Until that city was captured from the Confederates by General Burnside and his gallant soldiers, in the autumn of eighteen hundred and sixty-three, he preached his crusade against secession; and in the colums of his paper, *The Knoxville Whig,* scored the rebels without mercy during their long occupation of East Tennessee, until they finally destroyed his press? And how many are there here now, in Boston, who remember those forceful contributions to *The Boston Commercial Bulletin,* from the pen of that great patriot and hero, which my father used to read aloud to his family just before the opening of the war?

Thus it was that the name of Parson Brownlow was somewhat familiar to me when I became a soldier—First Sergeant, Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry—and when upon the return of that regiment to Glasgow, Kentucky, from our long chase after General Morgan and his raiders through Kentucky, In-

diana, and Ohio where they were finally captured, I learned that the next destination was to be East Tennessee, and our first object the capture of Knoxville, I immediately associated that town with what I had heard and read of Parson Brownlow, so that it assumed at once an especial interest.

Before leaving Kentucky I had been detailed for special service at the regimental headquarters, and provided with a permanent order which would enable me to pass through our regimental line of sentinels. On the afternoon of September 1st, 1863, as our cavalry brigade arrived within sight of Knoxville, our regiment was among the most advanced troops. There was no fighting—the Confederate troops evacuating the town and crossing the Holston river in such haste that, as I learned later, many were drowned. After a rapid march through the town the Fourteenth went into camp on some high land nearby, which overlooked it.

Early the following morning I availed myself of my pass, and with a young soldier, an English boy of my company, named Westicott, hastened toward the nearest collection of houses in the outskirts of the town, hoping thereby to get a breakfast that would prove to be more palatable than our usual camp rations. There were but few soldiers visible as we reached the scattered houses; but at one of the first dwellings which we approached several cavalrymen were standing on a piazza engaged in conversation with a woman of the family. Halting

at the steps, I asked if we could be accommodated with breakfast there.

"Come right in," said the woman. "I reckon there's plenty to eat, if you'ns kin wait till it's cooked."

I thanked her and said I had money to pay for our meal.

"We don't like to take pay from you soldiers who have driven the rebels clean out of the town; but we're pore folks and money's scarce here, and we aint a chargin' you'ns only just what the food costs us; or I'm a takin' coffee for pay which some er these boys has brought me." And she pointed to a bench upon which were several small packages, some done up in paper and others in bits of very soiled cloth, which I surmised contained the small contributions of real Yankee coffee.

That breakfast of fried chicken, corn pones and rye coffee we never ate, however. I became at once deeply interested in an account which the woman was giving of three attempts made by the rebels to hang Parson Brownlow, upon a gallows, which she stated was erected upon a hill not very far from her house. I asked if we would have time to visit it while the breakfast was being prepared; and upon her replying: "Yes, if you are right smart," obtained the direction, and Westicott and I forthwith started at a brisk pace for the spot.

Our walk had not consumed five minutes before the fateful hill appeared in sight; and a singular structure upon its highest elevation we judged to be the gallows. We quickly reached the summit of the

hill, from which we obtained an extensive view of Knoxville. Evidently this commanding site had been designedly chosen for the consummation of the atrocious and vengeful purposes of the Confederates—the hanging of Union sympathizers, discovered among their townsmen. Intersecting the hill near its centre, was a deep cut through which the railroad approached the town; and upon the opposite side a few rods beyond its top was a large farmhouse, with barns and other outbuildings, the only ones in sight upon the hill, which, with its slopes, appeared to consist of five or six acres.

Before us, and about thirty feet from the edge of the railroad cut, was a platform some twelve feet wide by twenty feet long, raised ten feet above the ground, and supported upon a dozen or more scantling posts. Rising above it were two high posts about ten feet apart, upon the tops of which rested a parallel cross-bar; and directly beneath this bar were several trap doors in the flooring. This structure was the gallows upon which we had learned that Union sympathizers had been hanged; and where Parson Brownlow had stood three times, with the hangman's noose around his neck; but his personality was so great, that the rebels, at the last moments, had feared to execute their sentence upon him.

The deeply interesting, thrilling history of Parson Brownlow has been published in military histories of the civil war, and in other volumes, and it is not my province to give it here, but simply to relate how it was that at this period of our lives chance or Fate brought us into touch with each other.

After gazing at the gallows a few moments, with the bitter remarks fresh in our minds that we had listened to at the house where the breakfast was being prepared, I said to Westicott, "That gallows had better come down!" And having already taken note of the house across the railroad cut, and quickly descending the steep side of the latter, I mounted the opposite side, some fifty or sixty feet high, with considerable difficulty, and presented myself at an open door of the farmhouse. The room was the kitchen, and engaged in it upon some household matter was a large, fine looking, middle aged woman—evidently the mistress of the establishment.

As I entered the room the woman advanced, and recognizing the Federal uniform, greeted me with a most cordial welcome. A few words passed between us, when I asked her if she could lend me an axe.

"And what for do you want an axe?" she inquired.

"To chop down the gallows yonder," I replied.

"May God bless you for wishing to do that same good deed," she almost screamed. "That gallows has long been the bane and eyesore of my life, staring me in the face whenever I go to or come from town, or only just chance to look in that direction!" And thereupon she launched into a most thrilling account of tragic scenes that she had witnessed enacted on that grewsome spot.

But I had to stop her flow of words, for my time was limited, and also I had an urgent reminder of

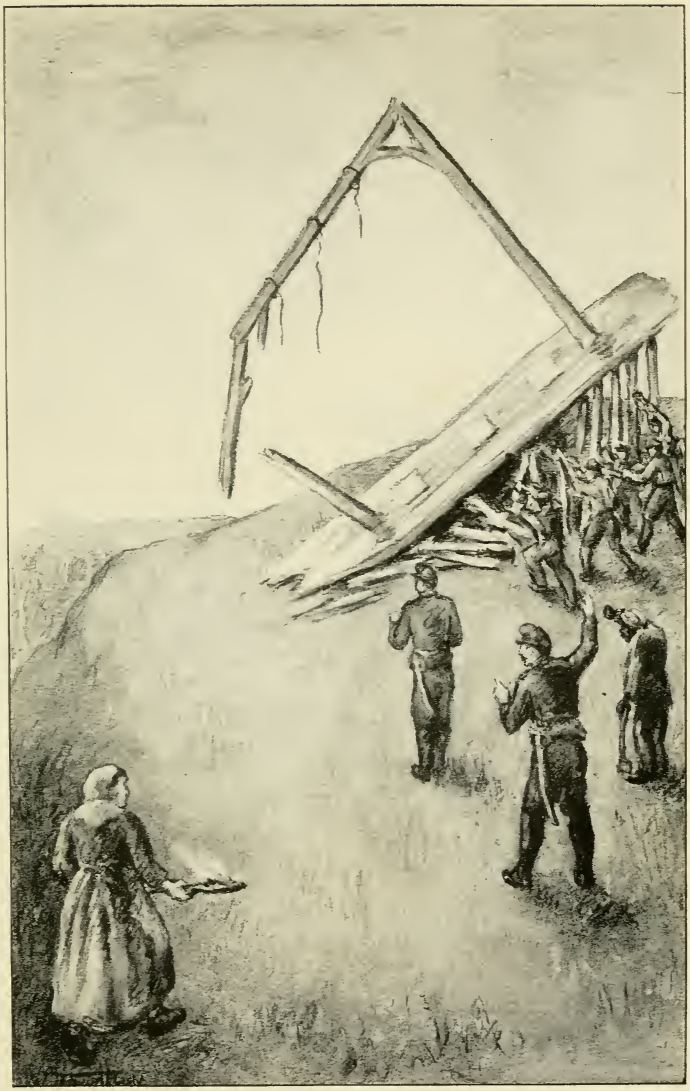
the fine breakfast that I had ordered cooked for us. Promising to return the axe soon, I hastened across the track to where I had left Westicott. But meanwhile several people from the town had put in an appearance there; and as they seemed to have become aware of my purpose in obtaining the axe, offers were made to help raze the gallows to the ground.

Westicott and I each chopped a moment at the posts, and then resigned the axe to men more accustomed to its use. I remember one very old man, who, driving by in a wagon stopped his team, descended, and gave a few blows at the posts. And a very old, feeble negro begged to be allowed to chop for a moment, also. His strength, however, was not enough to enable him to make much impression upon the post which he attacked; but his black eyes glittered at each feeble stroke that he attempted; and, as he passed the implement to other hands, he raised his eyes to mine, and in a quavering voice, though one full of emotion, exclaimed:

"Dem blows, an' you'ns bein' here, means freedom for niggers! Bress you an' you'ns, Marsa Yank!"

The crowd increased rapidly, and the handling of the axe was so expert, and was done with such fierce and determined vigor, that the platform very soon began to sway; and then with a crash down it fell. Several other axes had appeared and the wreck was soon complete.

But before this, I had heard a familiar voice, and turning, saw the woman who had loaned me the



"* * * THE WRECK WAS SOON COMPLETE."

first one, just appearing above the top of our side of the railroad cut, all out of breath, but with a shovel full of hot coals from her kitchen fire. The pile of lumber was soon wreathed in flames and smoke that was no doubt observed at a great distance and by many thousands of people, soldiers and citizens; and I think there was need of but little speculation by the latter as to what it meant.

By this time a great crowd had gathered upon the hilltop, two-thirds of the arrivals being women; and Westicott and I were surrounded and made the recipients of a sort of ovation in their midst. My hands ached with the constant and powerful grasps given them, and there was a rivalry amongst the people to capture us to take us off to breakfast. What became of Westicott I do not know, but my axe-woman claimed a prior right to me, and accompanied by the woman, the shovel and the axe, I, after much difficulty and many slips and slides, finally landed her at the opposite brink, and we soon entered her hospitable door.

Now came a most surprising revelation! The woman, learning my name and where I came from, asked if I had a relative by the same name who then lived or had lived on Beacon street in Boston, opposite the Athenæum Gallery.

"It was my father's uncle who lived there," I replied.

"Oh, but this is wonderful," she exclaimed, "that you, his nephew, should come to my house, here in Knoxville! Why, I was your uncle's housekeeper for many years, until I married McIntire, who is

a stone mason, and we moved here, bought this farm and had prospered until this awful war came on, which has nearly ruined McIntire's business. But we still have the farm, safe, and hope it will keep us until the war is ended."

"And your husband," I inquired, "where is he?"

"Oh, he's managed to keep out of the rebel army, and works at such of his trade as he can pick up, while I run the farm. Now sit right down while I get you some breakfast, and the Lord knows how welcome you are to the best that I can give you!" So, after all, I had my fried chicken, fresh eggs, corn pone and rich creamy milk! And you my soldier comrades can well understand what such a breakfast often meant to us, when we were "boys in blue!"

Later, Mrs. McIntire informed me of the many soldiers, escaped from rebel prisons, whom she had concealed in her house and had provided food and escort to enable them to gain the Federal lines. And she also showed me where she had meanwhile cleverly hidden them. But, alas, for this good woman and her home! The house and outbuildings were all levelled to the ground a few months later by our soldiers, that they should not afford shelter to the enemy in attacks upon the town during the subsequent siege by General Longstreet; and also to afford an unobstructed range for our artillery in the fortifications around the town.

But of Parson Brownlow! It was my privilege to make his acquaintance; and it was through my friend Mrs. McIntire.

One day shortly after the gallows episode she visited our camp, having driven over in her farm team. And in the wagon was a large basket containing chickens, and many fresh eggs and vegetables, as a present to me and my mess. As I did not happen to have a mess at that time—as each soldier to a large extent foraged for himself and his horse in that raiding regiment—a general distribution of the welcome contents of that basket among members of my company was the result; and Mrs. McIntire was hailed as a beneficent queen, and was especially treated and honored as such by the many who had already heard of her invaluable help to our soldiers, escaped from rebel prisons, who had come her way while on their way to "God's Country." Before she left our camp that September afternoon, she had proposed a day for me to meet and accompany her upon a visit to Parson Brownlow. This indeed was the chief purpose of her visit to our camp.

It was thus, through her introduction that I made the acquaintance of that famous man; and I, being a Boston boy, and he a contributor to a Boston newspaper, a staunch Union sympathizer, and having visited many friends in this city, his reception of me was most cordial. On the day that I first met the Parson and while we were walking in his garden, I made some reference to the burning of the gallows, thinking it an event that would have afforded him much satisfaction. But to my great dismay, he launched into strong expressions of deep regret that the gallows had been destroyed, and with resentful

terms, repeated the names of Confederates whom he declared he had hoped to see hanged upon it. I, thereafter, avoided that subject, fearing that some of the bitter drops from the vial of his wrath might be spilled upon me for my incendiary vandalism, should he learn who the culprit was; and thus harmony reigned between us.

Mrs. Brownlow was at this time an invalid, confined to her bed; but I saw her frequently. She was a very bright, interesting, and exceedingly well informed woman, who neglected no opportunity to add to her store of information respecting affairs in the North. Her enthusiasm for the people of our little city was very pronounced, and especially so for our famous war governor, John A. Andrew. And the names: Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and others of men prominent at that time, and references to their works were often upon her lips. Another member of the family living at home was their daughter, a handsome girl about eighteen years of age; and possessed of a bravery that was worthily inherited from her courageous father.

At one time during his temporary incarceration in an iron cage in the Knoxville jail, which I examined when upon a visit there with the Parson, some Confederates ascended the high flights of steps to the front door of his house, and demanded admittance to tear down the Federal flag floating from a pole on top of the building.

Miss Brownlow was alone in the house with her invalid mother. The front door was the only entrance to that portion above the ground floor, which

latter was occupied by the servants. To reach the front door were the usual double steps of many southern houses, ascending on either side to a central platform.

There were some twenty or more Confederates, crowding the platform and steps, pounding the door, and yelling for it to be opened. Suddenly Miss Brownlow's voice was heard through the closed door, as she replied to their demand:

"I am facing the door with a loaded revolver in each hand. When I have counted three, I shall begin firing through the panels! One!—Two!—" And there was a lively scampering down the steps, and that flag was never molested by Confederate hands.

Parson Brownlow's two sons were in the Federal army—one the colonel of a Union East Tennessee regiment. It was during the siege of Knoxville by Longstreet, that I received my commission as Adjutant, and at the close of the siege, early in December, my regiment was ordered to convey prisoners to Camp Nelson, Kentucky. With deep regret I parted from my friends in Knoxville, both those whom I have mentioned and others whom I chanced to meet, whose lives since the beginning of the Civil War had been so replete with terrible anxieties, dangers, and tragic events, and who had, in their several ways, so bravely and nobly proved their patriotism and loyalty to the Union.

Especially was this true of the staunch, courageous Parson Brownlow, who defied the rebels in their own stronghold and with the hangman's noose

about his neck, charged them, in stern, bitter language, with treason to their country and to its flag, and the brave, helpful, big-hearted Mrs. McIntire, whose home was a sanctuary for many of our boys in blue, escaped from those terrible Confederate prison pens.

I need not ask you my soldier comrades to give these people a warm and honored corner in your hearts, for I feel that they already have it there.

CROWS

How does the old proverb go? "Brag was a good dog but Holdfast was the better!"

Well, that is applicable to the conditions between my Sancho and Captain McLean's black stallion. Sancho always, at the start, gave promise of winning the race, but the stallion would every time come in on the home stretch a length or two ahead. And the captain and I had many trials of speed with our horses outside the intrenchments at Jacksonville, Florida. That was in the autumn of 1864. Then Captain McLean went to New York on furlough, and asked me to ride and exercise his stallion occasionally. This I was very glad to do, as there was no finer horse in Jacksonville, though a hard horse to make friends with.

The battalion of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry of which I was a member, was camped in an open square near the centre of the town, and within a short distance of the headquarters of General Hatch, upon whose staff Captain McLean was aide.

I passed many a pleasant hour, when off duty, at headquarters. The general in much earlier days having been a classmate of my uncle, at West Point, extended to me a most cordial welcome. When at liberty to do so, I would join the general's afternoon cavalcade for the ride through the pine barrens, a mile or two beyond our intrenchments. Besides

the officers, there were usually half a dozen ladies—the wives of such as were so fortunate as to be visited by them at that station in the sunny South; and the procession was always a gay and brilliant spectacle as it passed the great gateway and wended its way across the quarter mile of cleared land, toward the forest. At such times the fortifications, for a long distance either side of the gateway, were often lined by interested spectators, from among the troops that manned them, and citizens from the town.

Jacksonville, at the time of which I am writing, was enclosed in a semi-circular line of intrenchments extending around it and terminating at either end upon the banks of the St. John's river. Near the centre of the intrenchments and opposite the forest, was the main entrance, a strongly defended gateway, which commanded a highway leading westward through the forest of pine barrens. This road, after crossing the clearing outside the intrenchments, entered the forest of pine trees; and it was along its course that General Hatch, riding, or sometimes driven in an open barouche, and accompanied as I have described proceeded upon those frequent afternoon excursions. As mounted and dismounted scouts continually patrolled the country for some distance inland, there had been no fear of molestation from the enemy, until a day came when report was received at headquarters that Confederates had been seen within a few miles of Jacksonville; and an order was thereupon issued

that all officers accompanying the cavalcade should carry their revolvers.

The afternoon of that day, at four o'clock, I rode to headquarters, mounted, for the first time, on Captain McLean's stallion. The horse had not been out of the stable for several days, so I was informed, and, I noticed as I approached him, was very fresh. But I soon made friends with the animal in his stall, and after mounting him he behaved well enough, though impatient to be off for a long, swift gallop. How splendid the stallion was, that day! Dancing, curvetting, champing his bit, alert to take advantage of the least loosening of control; and as we started off it was with difficulty that I kept the horse in his place with dozen or more mounted officers following the general's barouche.

About two miles from the town the general ordered a halt, and the barouche being turned, he proceeded back to town, accompanied by the party of equestrians except six or seven officers. We who remained proposed to continue on the road to a bridge a mile or so farther on, and give our horses the rein, being freed from the rather slow, formal progress of the general's carriage. So, at a breakneck gallop, we dashed over the soft, spongy turf beneath the tall pine trees. And what a delicious ride it was, in the cool of the late afternoon, the air redolent with the pungent perfume of the pines, and the horses springing beneath us with elastic bound!

The bridge—a small affair—was quickly reached,

and this was the extreme limit to all of our rides; beyond, it was considered unsafe to go, except in considerable force, and orders had been issued to that effect, in respect to our afternoon rides.

From the intrenchments at Jacksonville to the little bridge was about three miles; and the road was fairly straight and level, shaded by the tall trees of the pine barrens through which it passed. Occasionally there were open spaces among the trees, some natural, some artificial. Upon our return from the bridge, we had gone about a third of the way when we came to an open clearing on our left hand. Upon it there were many tree stumps, and a flock of crows had lighted upon them. For a shot at these birds the temptation was great; revolvers were drawn, and before the crows could take flight half a dozen shots were fired, and the shots repeated until the last crow was beyond shooting distance. I do not think there were any casualties among the crows—but we were not counting upon crow for supper.

Twenty shots at least had been fired.

Leaving the crow clearing, as we cantered toward Jacksonville, Dr. Russell, surgeon of our battalion, challenged me to a race to the gateway. He was well mounted, and I had upon other days raced him with my own horse. But he had never raced the stallion. Away we went at a breakneck pace, and kept well together; but I knew well the stallion's way of saving for the home stretch and then making a final burst that always won the race.

We soon passed the outside pickets, stationed on

the road a quarter of a mile inside the pine woods. They yelled at us loudly, but we gave their words no attention as our horses dashed by. A few moments later we reached the verge of the wood, and from thence the road was open and in plain view of the intrenchments. Here also was another picket station, and again some remark was yelled at us; but our thoughts were upon the speed of our horses and which of us should reach the main entrance of the intrenchments the winner. This last quarter of a mile across the cleared land was the home stretch, and it was at this point that the stallion, as I had expected, exhibited his reserve powers and dashed up to the gate several lengths ahead of the doctor's horse.

As I drew the horse up, at the open gateway, I was surprised to observe quite a crowd of officers standing blocking the entrance. And the colonel who was in command there, grasping the bridle of my horse, startled me with the inquiries: "How large a force attacked you? Are any of your companions shot? We heard the firing ten minutes ago!"

I was so taken by surprise and astonishment that for the instant I had no words for reply, as the real facts and the misapprehension of these men burst upon me. And glancing to the right and then to my left I saw that the intrenchments were manned by thousands of soldiers, under arms, and craning their necks toward the forest or toward us at the

entrance gate, evidently anticipating a demonstration of some kind from the enemy.

"Colonel, there has been a mistake of some kind," I finally rejoined. "There has been no attack by the rebels. We were emptying our revolvers at a flock of crows in a clearing, and those were the shots that you heard."

Since the civil war I have met this colonel, and we have often laughed over the occurrence. But he then gave me a look that was so severe as to almost wither me as I sat on my horse, and exclaimed: "Lieutenant Dorr and Dr. Russell, consider yourselves under arrest, and report at your quarters, immediately."

This order of arrest came upon me like a thunder clap, for we had disobeyed no orders in firing our revolvers; and also, quail hunting in the adjoining woods was often indulged in by sportsmen among the officers, the distant reports of their fowling pieces being frequently heard in the intrenchments. However, it was then no time to make protest, and glancing behind me at the others of our firing party just emerging from the forest, who would confirm my statement with more detail, I signalled Russell, and we both passed through the gateway.

Our first duty was to report to the officer in command of our battalion, which we did, stating the circumstances of our arrest; then to repair to our several tents. The surgeon's tent was near mine, but as the need of his services in the camp could not be performed in his tent, he was given freedom of

the camp limits, and immediately joined me in mine, which was quickly filled by the remaining company officers of the battalion to learn the cause of our arrest. For obvious reasons the matter of our arrest was revoked that night, and we were relieved of it the following morning and returned to duty.

But there was a sequel to this episode that was somewhat startling, and which I learned the following October, when I had the misfortune to be made prisoner. This latter event was in a cavalry raid to the town of Middleburg, Florida, when, having destroyed some Confederate military stores that had been collected there, and started upon our return, our small force of forty-five men, including officers, was attacked by a rebel force numbering two hundred and ten men, as I later learned. After losing thirteen of our men killed in an attempt to regain the road to our camp at Magnolia, which the enemy were blocking, my horse was shot in our final attempt to escape and I was thereafter made an unwilling guest of the southern Confederacy for the longest five months that I have ever encountered.

The engagement being ended, the prisoners were gathered together and conducted to a camp some miles distant. That evening being the only commissioned officer among the prisoners, I was interviewed by the colonel in command of our captors, and a lieutenant who accompanied him but who remained after the departure of the colonel.

As we became better acquainted and got down to facts in our conversation, I learned from him that

the escapade of the crow shooting and its consequences were well known among the Confederates. What was more to the purpose, it had been the means of frustrating a plan to capture our general by a force of rebels who were that very afternoon making their way through the pine woods, intending to cut off the cavalcade at a ford about a mile from the intrenchments; but that the reports of our revolvers—at the wrong place—had caused the officer in command of the Confederates to alter his course to the direction of the firing, and thus missed the cavalcade. The lieutenant also said that the plan had been arranged that morning, and there had been some delay in getting started; and that thereafter the Yankee troops were more alert, and the general's afternoon rides were infrequent and too short to give the rebels another opportunity to repeat their attempt to capture our interesting cavalcade; or to afford the officers accompanying it an opportunity to exercise their marksmanship upon crows.

MY EQUINE BENEFACTRESS.

My bay mare Fanny was a thoroughbred Kentucky race horse, whose distinguished pedigree was at once evident to every beholder, and needed no certificates of aristocratic birth and famous ancestry to prove the fact. She had been annexed from the enemy upon some cavalry raid, and turned into the government stables at Knoxville, Tennessee. I had selected this horse from among a hundred other horses, and some fine ones there were among the lot. But Fanny—my heart went out to her at first sight, and I said to the sergeant in charge, "I'll look no further! You cannot show me a finer horse in these stables." "Right you are!" was his reply. "She's a daisy, but needs shoeing, bad!"

I obtained Fanny upon an order given me by Colonel Richmond, General Burnside's adjutant general, to replace a fine horse that had been "used up" in carrying out General Burnside's instructions to promptly deliver some orders to the chief of a command a dozen miles distant. "Use dispatch, Sergeant" the general had said; and the breaking down on the way back, of my horse "Pet," was a consequence.

This happened during our return from the second expedition from Knoxville, up the valley of the Holston river to West Virginia. And my acquisition of the new horse Fanny had been not many days before the siege of Knoxville was begun by the Confederates under General Longstreet.

The cavalry soldiers, of which I was one, composing the escort of General Shackleford, who commanded the cavalry in the department of East Tennessee, were now more than ever kept "on the jump." To follow this active general in his constant, vigilant tours of inspection, and visits to the front, where troops were engaged in the vicinity of Knoxville was a strenuous life, and afforded us scarcely any rest. But the escort was composed of men young, vigorous and tough, and well inured to this arduous service. There were times however when it seemed as if we would drop from our horses, for need of what we lacked the most—sleep! And this often just before daybreak, when man's vitality is at its lowest ebb. Many men could doze upon their horses. I could never do it.

But about Fanny! Early in the morning of the fourth day before the memorable siege began, the general, accompanied by his staff and escort, crossed the pontoon bridge over the Holston river, and proceeded at a "trot march" several miles toward what is now termed in military parlance the "firing line,"—then "the front." As we drew nearer, we heard stray shots—skirmish firing—but presently this increased in volume in some woods directly in our front and to our right. Orders were given to aids and orderlies, who dashed off in several directions; we, of the escort who remained, endeavoring to fathom, by alert observation, just what was happening beyond our sight but not our hearing. Oc-

casionally a stray bullet would come our way, but high up among the branches of the trees; for it was a fairly well wooded country, and appeared to be a succession of long ridges and narrow valleys, that we had crossed at a rapid pace. The firing rapidly increased, near and far, and a general engagement appeared to be forthcoming.

I do not think we remained at our first halting place more than ten minutes, but yet long enough for the general to receive the reports from his several messengers as they returned at full speed. Then more orders were dispatched, and we returned on our tracks a third of a mile. Descending into an open, partly cultivated valley, and crossing it we ascended the opposite slope which was free from timber, and halted at its top. A glance at the situation was enough to reveal the purpose of the general, and this knowledge was aided by the approach of our own troops, as they fell back toward this new position. The smoke from their rifles we could now perceive in our front and some distance to our right and left, and the continuous rattle of musketry was audible at still greater distance, hidden from our sight.

The top of this ridge was a commanding position from which to pour a withering fire into the enemy, should he attempt to follow our troops across the exposed, narrow, open valley. For at least a half mile on each side of us, and along its slope up toward the summit of the ridge where we stood the valley was cleared of timber and much of

it was grass land or overgrown with low bushes. The road upon which we had returned crossed the valley in its centre. The side of the ridge in our rear was everywhere thickly timbered to its very top, the road winding deviously through it and on toward Knoxville.

Our stay at this point—the summit of the ridge—was but momentary, but long enough to gather such details as I have mentioned. Then the general, entering the wood in our rear by the road, with us following, again sent orders to the right and left; and he himself, with selected officers made a personal inspection of near localities, we of the escort remaining in the road, but out of sight of the operations in our front. It was a trying time to us, and our impatience to learn the details of what was happening so near was hard to curb, especially as the firing seemed to approach rapidly. The general returned to the road, and immediately, we again following, advanced toward the top of the ridge, halting the escort on the road just inside the edge of the timber line. By good fortune I was at the head of the escort, and thus had a clear view of the valley and opposite height.

Our troops had fallen back to the top of the ridge on our right and left, or in commanding positions further down the slope. There was, however, little to be seen of them, and my impression was that our immediate front was considered to be practically safe from attack; and our exposed flanks were most strongly protected, for it was at these two points,

the flanks, that the firing was most vigorous and continuous, supported by artillery. The conditions had very materially changed since we first crossed the summit of this ridge that morning, on our way to the front.

Suddenly we observed a movement among the trees across the valley, about half way up the opposite ridge, and a large body of Confederate troops burst into view, going toward our right flank. Instantly the general ordered an orderly to bring up a battery that proved to be nearly a mile in our rear toward Knoxville. An instant later he sent another man, as the first did not seem to be well mounted.

I followed with my eyes these two mounted men. My horse, Fanny, was within her length of the general. As I caught his eye, I saluted, and said, "General, I can pass those men!" It was enough. He had often observed the fine points of my beautiful mare. His reply was "Go!" And like an arrow Fanny dashed through the escort, and at full speed we disappeared in the winding road. I soon passed the two mounted orderlies, reached the battery, which was but a section—two guns—gave the pressing order to make all speed, turned my horse, and at the same pace that I had come hastened back, fearful of losing any part of what was then transpiring at the front.

I sit in my comfortable arm chair in my comfortable home, and some book that I am reading, or some military event that may have recently hap-

pened, will bring vividly to my mind a somewhat similar scene of the long passed civil war. And then in spite of oft reiterated denunciations of war and its grim horrors, the same old feelings and sensations will get the better of my sober judgment; and I will once more live again the scenes of those days so full of the ardor of battle that such scenes and environment engender; and the blood will again course rapidly through my veins, years will seem to have slipped from my shoulders, and for the time being, I am again a young cavalry soldier, filled with all the love that I then had for that arduous but intensely attractive, adventurous service.

Upon leaving the battery to speed its way to the general by the tortuous road through the wood, I thought I might save much time and distance by avoiding the road and going more directly through the wood itself, which appeared quite free of underbrush. So, taking a central course between the reports of the distant artillery on the right and on the left, I made rapid speed through the open timber, and soon observed daylight ahead as I ascended the ridge to a point near where I supposed I had left the general and his staff. Just at the edge of the timber line the bushes had filled all spaces between trees, and had grown eight or ten feet high. At a place where they were thinnest, Fanny forced her way through them, but I had hardly time to cast one glance around for the general, before the air around and above me was filled with bullets from many rifles. My horse was instantly turned, and

giving her the spurs, she shot back through the fringe of stiff bushes as though it was so much high grass. Below the summit, where bullets could not reach, I instantly dismounted and most anxiously examined every inch of her body for a wound. Neither of us had received a scratch of any kind except from the bushes, which had drawn blood in several places. By great good fortune the rebels had mostly fired too high. I soon found the general, but also saw that I had diverged at least a fourth of a mile too far to his right, where I had come into view of a body of Confederate infantry just arrived on the opposite side of the valley, who were immediately after opened upon by our own troops.

As I arrived at my proper destination where the general and staff were, the battery came pounding up the incline of the road, unlimbered, and the guns were quickly put in position at the entrance of the road where it overlooked the valley. The Confederate troops were still in sight, streaming through the woods opposite, the glint of their gun barrels catching the rays of the sun, as it pierced the foliage, enhancing the conspicuousness of the soldiers in their gray uniforms.

The general with his staff and a portion of his escort were then some rods in front of the timber line, in an open grass field on the left side of the road which sloped not very abruptly to the level of the valley. The guns were at our right rear. I rode forward and reported to the general, simply by a salute. No word was spoken. The two guns

were then sending their screaming shells across the valley, and creating some commotion among the rebels by the excellent aim of the artillerists. After saluting the general I fell back a few rods, but a little to the right of those members of the escort who composed part of the group in the open field.

Presently a shell from one of our guns was landed, exploding in the road which the stream of rebels were crossing about a quarter of a mile from our position. This created a great dust which, with the smoke, for a moment concealed the spot from our view. When this cleared, we perceived wounded or dead men being removed from the road. This was the first casualty that I witnessed in that action. The scene before me was so intensely absorbing that I paid no attention whatever to my immediate surroundings; every thought was given to watching the effect of our shells, and to that which was otherwise taking place on the opposite side of the valley.

My mare Fanny, as I have said, was a thoroughbred; with the intelligent characteristics of such animals—nervous, high strung, observant, alert, and impatient of long restraint in one spot. Although it was a new experience of hers to be under fire or close to guns in action, I had observed that she showed no fear at the discharge of the guns, then not ten rods in our rear; but she had moved forward by slow degrees—an impulse or habit I had observed in her at other times when halted. I had now frequently checked this forward progress, in my

endeavor to keep an alignment not in advance of the general and his staff.

But suddenly a shell and then a second one came screaming across the valley, high in the air over our heads, and disappeared in the woods in our rear. A moment later two more shells came, and I heard some command given. The noise of the shells that sailed high above us, and that also of the discharges of our two guns at the same instant, killed the purport of the order, however, and my interest was so great in watching the result of our two last shells fired that I was, for the time being, oblivious of my immediate surroundings.

Presently a rebel shell struck the rail fence of the roadway, and sent the rails flying in all directions. This was too much for Fanny, who sprang to one side, but immediately resumed her steady but alert stand, though with ears forward, nostrils distended, and eyes wide open and glaring at the demolished fence. But the sudden spring of the mare had enabled me for the space of a second to take in fully a very surprising and quite unexpected sight.

My mare had crept forward at least fifty paces in advance of the general, and he alone of all the officers and soldiers, was in sight. The order that I had failed to hear, was a command to retire to the shelter of the wood and avoid the shells that the enemy were evidently aiming at the conspicuous crowd of mounted men.

My first soldierly impulse was to turn my horse, salute the general and retire to the wood. My next

thought was that the general was not aware that I had discovered my error, and I said to myself, "I'll stick it out as long as he, if he doesn't interfere." Then I did something that was pure bravado. I took out my pipe, filled and lighted it, and throwing my right foot over my saddle pommel, as I used often to do, after much riding, assumed as easy and unconcerned an attitude as it was possible for me to do. Play acting, pure and simple! And done entirely for effect; for the rebel gunners were getting our range and that of our battery quite accurately by this time, and their shells screamed nervously near the battery, the general and myself.

What had happened since the rail fence was demolished, up to the time that I had assumed my eased seat on my horse, occupied but a few minutes and when two more shells passed very uncomfortably near us, and crashed through the timber behind, I had a very pronounced opinion that it was high time for the general to retrace his steps out of the range and sight of the artillerymen on the opposite side of the valley; and, much to my relief, before the shots had been repeated, I heard from behind the following clearly uttered remark:

"Sergeant, I reckon it's about time to get under cover!"

I instantly turned my horse, and I doubt not my face expressed extraordinary astonishment at my apparently unexpected position—quite alone in the field, with but the general in sight. But as he turned his horse—then three or four rods from me

—I did not fail to observe an amused smile on his face. Before we reached the timber line two more shells came toward us, and turning at hearing a thud in our rear, I saw that one of them had buried itself, but without exploding, in the earth, just where a moment before my mare Fanny had been impatiently pawing up the ground, and where I had been feeling extremely uncomfortable at the improving accuracy in aim of the recent shots from the enemy.

A few days later in Knoxville I received an order to report to the examining board, to be passed for a commission as lieutenant. But by the advice of the chief—who was from my regiment—I was examined for and passed as captain of cavalry. However, accepting the first vacancy that was offered me, I was commissioned first lieutenant and adjutant.

And my noble, beautiful mare Fanny, who, before we finally parted did me other good services besides winning me a commission, in exigencies of days that helped fill up the months and years so replete with incident and adventure for a young cavalryman. Her days were ended upon the Cumberland mountains, where a few months later, too badly wounded to continue upon our march to Kentucky, I gave her to a loyal farmer, who said he could cure her sufficiently for the little use that he would make of her for short rides; for he was quite an old man, and his kindly nature was plainly indicated in his strong, handsome face. And I doubt

not he was true to his promise, to care for and treat gently my trusty friend, congenial companion, and frequent benefactress—Fanny.

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM

It was a very trying time for our command—that scorching July day in 1864. I was in charge of the rear guard consisting of about thirty cavalrymen detailed from my company. This was upon "the John's Island Raid" as it was later termed—near Charleston, S. C.

Our troops numbered about five thousand men. The motive for the raid was simply "to make a demonstration," like many other "demonstrations" made in that department for strategic purposes, which, no doubt, had an especial value, besides giving exercise, variety and some excitement to the troops engaged in it; but which we line officers might not, at the time, perceive.

To the best of my recollection, it was upon the morning of the second or third day after the landing on John's Island that the army broke camp early and I with my men fell in to protect its rear. The troops were enveloped in a dense cloud of dust. The heat was intense; many of the infantry were prostrated by sunstroke, and bullets from distant sharpshooters increased the casualties in the ranks. Presently an order was brought me, to retrace our steps with a detail of my men and an ambulance, for about two miles to the late camping ground, to find a missing surgeon, who, it was supposed, might have been left there. This we did, all but finding the surgeon—we afterwards learned he had been

captured—and we even went beyond the camp in our search, until rebel pickets were discovered in the distance. But we obtained a good supply of water of which we stood much in need.

What with the dust, the heat, and the necessity for being constantly upon the alert to chase and capture if possible, or at all events to disperse the little bands of rebels that kept up an annoying fire upon our troops from distant points of vantage, we cavalry were all pretty well used up by the time that we, the rear end of the procession, reached the spot after dark where we were to camp for the night.

This was in grounds adjoining a large, handsome house, occupied for that night by the general in command of the expedition and his staff. The house stood half a dozen rods back from the road, and about the same distance from the house but a little farther from the road was a large stable, well stocked with forage. This spot I selected for the camp of my men. The stable supplied feed for the horses, and soon the men were sitting in groups around temporary fires, boiling coffee and frying bacon, laughing and jollying each other, as they ate their supper. But this did not last very long for all were tired, and their appetites satisfied, sound sleep was next in order for the men.

Although regiments of infantry were camped about us, seemingly on all sides, there was singular quiet at this time for so large a concourse of men. But, as I have stated, it had been a trying day for all, and sleep seemed to have visited the eyelids of

everyone but the nearby sentinels and more distant pickets.

Across a little lawn about fifty feet from where my men were lying was a long, dense hedge of osage bushes, fifteen to twenty feet in height.

Near its end toward the road was a gap of about eight feet. This gap I discovered by the light from the fires. And as in this space I might lie, undisturbed by men or horses, and yet be within a few steps of my command, I selected it for my resting place. There I led and unsaddled my horse, for I would not disturb my tired orderly, hitched him to a small tree just inside the gap, and provided him with bundles of oat hay. This done, I had my coffee and supper, which was meanwhile prepared for me in our temporary camp, and seeing all in order and the men fast dropping off to sleep, excepting the stable guard over the horses, I retired to my couch among the osage bushes. My saddle was my pillow, my horse blanket my mattress, as had been the case with me many hundreds of nights.

What with the day's experience my sleep was most profound. It was about midnight when suddenly I was ruthlessly awakened by the loud clash of steel against steel, accompanied by most dreadful, agonizing shrieks and yells. Reaching upward to rise quickly, I grasped the osage bushes over my head. The darkness was intense. I felt for and unhitched my horse, grabbed the saddle, and started to join my men. But by this time the little lawn between us was teeming with rushing soldiers.

Bayonets gleamed everywhere as they caught light from windows in the distant house. To cross that rushing, seemingly frantic throng with my horse appeared for the moment out of the question; but I instantly threw the saddle on him, without wasting time to pick up and affix the blanket; slipped the bits into his mouth, and then stood, ready to mount, but endeavoring to determine what this unusual disturbance meant.

The yells, clash of arms and words that I at first heard had led me to believe it a night surprise by the Confederates. But there was no rebel yell, such as I had heard many times during my previous service in Kentucky and Tennessee. And on the other hand I could realize no cause for a panic, in the very midst of this camp, surrounded as we were by regiments, and encircled by distant pickets who would have given the first alarm.

No force of the enemy could have by any possibility reached this spot unobserved. But what were these troops, yelling and seemingly fighting on both sides of me? It was a deep mystery, and it behooved me to fathom it quickly.

Now, from the moment of my first alarm until I stood by the head of my saddled and bridled horse, not two minutes had elapsed, when I stepped forward and grabbed the arm of a passing man, whom I could but dimly discern.

"Halt!" I exclaimed, "and report to me!" This command saved me from a blow from his musket which I might otherwise have received, upon arrest-

ing his progress. "I'm lieutenant, Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry. What does this uproar mean?"

The man, then, let me pull him into the gap. His reply was, "Reckon now, it's a panic, for there don't seem to be no rebs."

"What do you know of it?" I inquired.

"Don't know nothin', Lieutenant, except I was waked up and run over by men; grabbed my gun and run with the rest."

As the tumult by this time appeared to be quieting down, I told the man to return to his camp, and to try to quiet the men on his way. Then leading my horse from the gap, I forced my way through the crowd toward my men, exclaiming as I went:

"Men, it's but a panic! Go back to your camp!"

Half way across the space, as my refrain caught the ears of a burly soldier who suddenly bumped against me, he seemed instantly to realize the real fact of a groundless alarm, and also that I was an officer, for he exclaimed, "Beg pardon, Cap!" and then in the loudest voice I think that I ever heard, yelled, "Don't be scared at a damned panic, boys!" This was followed by a long, loud, hearty laugh from him that was almost immediately taken up by the men in our vicinity—and the panic as quickly ceased. That laugh did it! It was the best corrective that could have been administered to quell the excitement.

A moment later I was with my little command, and to my gratification, and pride for the men, I found them in line, standing at the heads of their

saddled horses, ready to mount at an instant's notice; my orderly sergeant at the right of the line, who had been left by me in temporary command.

After a few words of commendation to the sergeant and men, I ordered "break ranks," and then proceeded on foot to the general's headquarters to learn the original cause of the panic.

It appeared that a short time after I had retired and my dreams, if I had any, had given place to most profound slumber, a newly enlisted infantry regiment, composed of raw recruits from a western State, arrived. They had stacked arms, and gone into camp in a line crossing the end of the osage hedge, their centre being not twenty feet from where I was lying. Their front faced the road, their centre opposite the wide entrance gateway. All along the line, their guns with bayonets fixed were stacked in fours, the men, after having finished their supper, lying in line just behind the stacks of guns—Springfield rifles.

An hour or so after this regiment was wrapped in slumber, the halter of an army mule from the wagon train, became unhitched, and in the darkness he wandered away unobserved, onto the road toward where we were encamped. Coming near our gateway, some soldiers attempted to catch him, but he, no doubt feeling the joy and delight of a brief freedom, kicked up his heels in the faces of his would-be captors, dashed into the gateway, and at full speed shot diagonally into the line of stacked rifles, knocking them over upon the sleeping men

lying behind them. As the men in sudden alarm sprang to their feet, in the intense darkness other stacks of guns were upset and yells that the rebels were upon them were indiscreetly uttered, causing the first alarm that resulted in this very serious panic.

After the excitement had subsided, and fires had been lighted which illuminated the camp of this regiment, and the guns had been re-stacked, the men were ordered in line and for some minutes harangued by the colonel. His manner was calm, but his language full of bitterness. He referred to having left his home, where he had been the president of a college, to serve his country, and that without pay. This episode of the panic was not only a disgrace to the regiment but a deep mortification to himself that he should command "a regiment of cowards." It now remained with the regiment as a whole, and with the members individually, to endeavor to retrieve their forfeited honor and wipe out this terrible disgrace by better and more soldierly conduct.

In the palm of my right hand are two scars, where the long thorns from the osage bushes penetrated as I grasped the bushes above my head to aid me in springing quickly to my feet, at that first alarm. They broke off between the bones, and it was some days before I could have them removed. These scars are frequent reminders of that midnight panic of soldiers who had not then experienced their "baptism of fire." And also, until I had

discovered that it was but a panic, I had sensations that made me loth to blame too severely those panic-stricken soldiers.

CAPTURED

TAKEN prisoner! A prisoner of war!

How improbable that such an event would eventually happen to me would it have seemed when I last played soldier with my schoolboy companions, armed with wooden swords and guns, and wearing cocked hats made of brown paper decorated with gilt stars and turkey feather plumes! And yet not many years had elapsed—my young age had not doubled—before the real thing did actually take place. October twenty-third, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, a first lieutenant of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, I started early in the morning from Magnolia Springs, with four other officers and forty men, upon a raid of the town of Middleburg, to destroy Confederate stores which we had learned were there. The distance was sixteen miles, through open pine barrens interspersed with swamps.

By one o'clock the purpose of our descent upon the town had been accomplished and our small force started upon its return to Magnolia, with a large drove of cattle that had been incidentally annexed.

Meanwhile I had secured one of the then famous "Joe Manton" fowling pieces, in fine order, and, as Captain Staples of my Company and I were the acknowledged sportsmen of the battalion, I was much delighted with my acquisition.

Half way toward the camp, we approached a

wide swamp through which the road passed; and our force was divided into three squads, each consisting of about fifteen men, to gather and drive the cattle to the entrance of the swamp road. Major Keith in command of the expedition, and I, with fourteen men, remained on the road in the shade of some trees beside a water course which crossed it, and about a quarter of a mile from the swamp. The other squads were off, one to our right, the other to our left, collecting the cattle, some of which were endeavoring to escape from their captors.

While awaiting events, I was occupied in examining my prized capture—the fowling piece. We had all dismounted and were resting in various attitudes in the shade, when suddenly we were started by the reports of several rifles from the direction of the swamp road entrance.

Instantly we were upon our feet. My first act was to smash the stock and barrels of the fowling piece against a tree, and pitch them out of sight among bushes. A moment later we were in our saddles and in line, the major on the right, I on the left. Not more than half a dozen shots had been fired by the enemy; and as the order was given by the major, we dashed forward at a gallop toward the swamp entrance of the road.

There was no living being to be seen before us; but an occasional puff of white smoke, followed by the instant report, assured us of the direction in which the enemy might be found—on the border of the swamp. Half the distance was covered, then

the remaining distance halved, and suddenly came two discharges of artillery and a hail-storm of rifle bullets. Sergeant Hildreth, riding beside me, sprung from his saddle, killed; other men and horses were wounded. It seemed then as if every tree trunk concealed an enemy.

Such an ambush could not be attacked successfully by our small force of a dozen men, for, as I afterwards learned, the Confederates numbered two hundred and ten. They had been informed of our raid that morning, and had come prepared to cut off our return to camp.

The men replied to the rebel fire with their carbines and revolvers, aiming wherever a head or body could be seen among the trees. But this lasted but a few moments, as the great number of the enemy developed itself; and an order to fall back rapidly was given by the major. The two squads, commanded respectively by Captain Staples and Captain Keith, joined us near the spot from which we had so recently started. A momentary consultation was had, and it was decided that if, as it seemed, we were unable to regain the road through the swamp—which was protected by artillery, and presumably otherwise blocked—we would make for a bridge about two miles distant, and return to camp by a road known to Captain Staples.

Our first need was to ascertain the real strength of the enemy, for, up to that time, although many shots had been fired we had not seen a very large number of men; but the two shots from artillery

had been ominous. To accomplish this—our right being protected by the swamp—the men were deployed in line to the left in very open order, were faced toward the enemy, and fell back slowly, that the Confederates might follow and thereby show their numbers.

This manœuver soon indicated a force too large for us to successfully cope with in an attempt to gain the swamp road in the face of their artillery, barricades, and the excellent protection that the trees would afford them against a dash into their midst. The country was the usual open pine barren of Florida. In, and bordering the swamps, the trees were close together, but beyond were sufficiently open for mounted troops to pass through in open order, keeping their alignment, and at a gallop if necessary. As we fell back slowly, every succeeding moment added to the number of the rebels in sight, as they regained their horses from where they had been concealed, and joined their line in our front as we faced them.

Although they outnumbered us nearly five to one, the disparity upon our side was not so great as might appear. Our troops were better armed and better drilled. The rebel force seemed to be like a rabble, of no special order or discipline. It was a crowd of two hundred mounted men, following us with yells and very irregular firing from Springfield rifles, shot guns and revolvers. Our troops replied with their Spencer carbines, and kept up a sufficiently rapid and accurate fire to keep the enemy at a respectable distance.

Had we felt assured that the road through the swamp was not blocked, we would have charged through the rebels to regain it. But the artillery discharges indicated that it was protected not only by the guns but very likely by other impediments, and as a way seemed open in our rear, with a chance of making a stand at the bridge that I have mentioned, that way seemed the best course to be pursued.

In this manner for a distance of a half mile we proceeded through the pine barrens, our right protected by the swamp, and our left guarded against a flank movement of the rebels. The men kept their alignment well, and the pace was a walk. The fire on both sides was continuous, and I soon noticed many riderless horses among the rebels. But I also saw that our side was meeting with many casualties, though seemingly much fewer than the enemy, who were bunched, and offered better targets than our men in open order. The few men that were with me, composing about the centre of the line, were of my own Company.

Suddenly I observed a portion of the line on my left to dissolve, and I immediately suspected that it was owing to a flank movement of the enemy, which had been our chief menace. To my right I saw men making for cover in the swamp. A few I could see had gained a road in our advance and were just disappearing from sight. All this occurred in the space of thirty seconds from the first break in the alignment.

I counted eight men with me, and with their faces turned toward me for the next order. I was on the point of ordering an instant retreat, although the rebels following us still kept their distance, when between me and the swamp I saw a white horse go down, and the rider Captain Keith, endeavor to extricate himself from the fallen animal. My command was, "Open again on the rebels!" This held the enemy in check long enough to enable Captain Keith to free himself from his horse and make for the swamp, which he gained and made good his escape to Magnolia. As I saw the captain escape, I gave the order, "Keep your open order, but make for the bridge!"

I was mounted upon my favorite horse, Sancho, swift and tireless, and I felt that there were but few if any horses among the enemy that could overtake him. I had been in many a cavalry fight and skirmish in Kentucky and Tennessee, and as I had never received a wound from a bullet, I had become in a measure indifferent to them. I do not say this boastfully. It was the curious, natural result of many similar experiences.

I felt that, given a fair chance with my swift horse, I should escape. As we put spurs to our horses and made for the distant bridge, the enemy broke and came on behind us, a yelling, shouting rabble.

Our front, although composed of so few men, had extended from the swamp on our right, nearly if not quite a fifth of a mile, and for a long distance

our left had been partially protected by a smaller swamp; though, had the enemy following us been properly led, our thin line could have been easily rushed and broken, at any time after it was first formed. It has always been a mystery to me why this was not done by the rebels, for their actual loss in the end would have been smaller had they made an immediate attack with their superior numbers.

My men, by my orders, scattered, and it seemed as if the rebels broke into squads of ten or a dozen, each squad following one of the escaping soldiers. I do not think that one single man of the pursuing horde had ever been in action, judging from their singular behavior from the beginning of the real fighting.

As I rapidly made my way over the pine barren, I noticed men following me in a long line. I gained upon them with every leap of my horse, except their leader, who seemed to be so well mounted that the distance between us not only was not increased, but I could perceive that he was surely gaining upon me, as his horse was accustomed to that difficult riding through the pine barrens at a gallop, which was a new experience to my horse.

This must be stopped! He was fifty yards behind me and very considerably in advance of his companions. When I had gained a clear space of a few rods, I turned in my saddle and gave him a shot from my revolver hoping, at least, to stop his horse. I repeated the shot three times, missing

each time. There was no return of the shots from him. The reason was given me later. The rebel's horse still forged ahead, and the distance was very perceptibly lessening. I might have turned and stopped him, but I would then have had to contend with his companions who were still following. I saw before me a long, level space; not a standing or fallen tree in the way. Upon a rapidly galloping horse one can take a very fair aim with a revolver. I turned, took careful aim at the horse's chest and fired my last but one shot. My second revolver was empty. Recovering my position to see that my horse was going right, and glancing behind to learn the result of my shot, I was suddenly hurled forward, striking the ground with my left shoulder. I instantly regained my feet; my horse had done the same. I sprang toward him, but noticed blood spouting from a wound in his right fore leg. At the same instant a riderless horse passed, and I missed the bridle by about an inch. The man at whom I had been firing had slackened the speed of his horse, but was advancing a few rods distant. To endeavor to escape by running, would have but invited his fire. My revolver had been jerked from my hand when thrown from the horse. I had but my sabre, which was fastened to my wrist by the sabre knot. I stood with folded arms looking the rebel squarely in the face. As he passed me about two rods distant, he fired twice at me with his revolver, fortunately missing each time; then yelling to his companions who were coming up in a long

line, to take me prisoner, he resumed his gallop after such arms or equipments as might be dropped by the escaping soldiers. The next man who passed me gave the same order to the one following; and this was repeated until seven men had gone by, leaving me alone in the field. All were too anxious to gather plunder, to be burdened with a prisoner who, they felt sure, could not escape.

Behind me was the swamp, a quarter of a mile away. I made a dash for it, but before reaching half the distance, mounted men appeared between me and it. Realizing then that I could not escape, I concealed my gold watch in my boot leg (I brought that watch home with me). I had about twenty dollars in greenbacks. This I transferred from my pocketbook to my watch fob. Then I bent my full weight upon the blade of my sabre, hoping to break it, but the steel was too tough.

A moment later I was surrounded by half a dozen mounted men. My arms, watch, and money were demanded in very vile language. I replied by asking them if they thought I would be such a fool as to bring money or valuables upon a cavalry raid. To my surprise they agreed with me, and I was not then, nor ever afterward, searched. Later that day, I met the sergeant—as he proved to be—who had exchanged shots with me. His reason for not returning my fire during the chase was that he had recognized the value of my horse Sancho and was afraid of injuring him. Who it was who finally shot the horse, resulting in my capture, I never learned.

According to a record in my diary that I still have, our loss that day was thirteen men killed, and twenty-one prisoners,—eight of them wounded. I could never ascertain the Confederate loss.

A few moments after my capture, I was taken, with another prisoner, to a group of rebels gathered in the shade of a bunch of trees, guarding nearly a dozen prisoners, some of whom were wounded.

I was there subjected to many coarse, threatening remarks in denunciation of that morning's doings at Middleburg. Well, we could not blame them for their resentment, for our work of destruction of their army stores had been very thoroughly performed.

We prisoners were then ordered into line and marched a short distance to where the main body of rebel cavalry were halted and there joined the remainder of our men who had been captured. After considerable parley, the unwounded prisoners were provided with horses; although at first informed that we were to walk to a distant camp where that night was to be passed. Presently a number of springless farm wagons arrived in which were placed the wounded of both sides.

Meanwhile the main body of troops had departed; a procession formed, the wagons in advance, and, mounting the horses provided for us, we prisoners followed, a guard riding beside each prisoner. It was quite late in the afternoon when we finally started for the camp which I had learned was eight miles distant.

I had been provided with a small horse having an old ragged citizen saddle. A guard rode at my right, and being the only officer captured, I was placed at the head of the column of prisoners, but next behind a wagon containing wounded Federals whose complaints and groans were most distressing as the wagon jolted over the uneven road.

About an hour had passed when an officer drew in his horse upon my left, and addressing me by name asked if it was I who had been in command of a recent cavalry raid in the vicinity of Trout Creek—a tributary of the St. Johns river lying between Jacksonville and its mouth. The purpose of this raid was to discover and burn several farm houses from whence rebels had been planting torpedoes in the St. Johns river, hoping thereby to destroy our gunboats as they passed to and from Jacksonville.

Upon my reply in the affirmative, he then informed me that his Commander, Colonel Dickenson, had been hoping for my capture that he might "square accounts" with me for the destruction of those houses on and near Trout Creek. He then rode forward and at a gallop, and as I presumed to make his report to his colonel. I was left with no very sanguine thoughts, and as I rode along, I realized very forcibly that the sooner I parted company from my captors, the greater would be my chance of once again being welcomed at my home in Boston.

But how to escape? That was the present prob-

lem to be solved. Not a shadow of an opportunity must be neglected! And real shadows were appearing rapidly, for daylight was quickly giving place to darkness. We had already forded several broad but shallow streams that ran through heavily timbered swamps, which suggested a plan that might prove successful, could I attempt it. A half hour later our road entered another swamp, heavily timbered. Daylight had by this time quite given place to darkness beneath the foliage of the trees where my horse splashed through the shallow stream that drained the swamp. Throwing my right leg over the pommel of the saddle I dropped into the water unnoticed and unheard by the guard riding at my right; the splashing of horses' feet, and of the wheels of the wagons ahead drowning the noise made by my feet in the water which was but a foot deep running over a pebbly bottom.

I quickly made my way up stream in pitchy darkness, guided only by the noise behind me; but had not proceeded fifty feet when I suddenly floundered into a deep hole in the middle of the stream. I must have made some noise, for an alarm was quickly sounded, and I heard the warning cry—"A prisoner escaped!"

Revolvers were discharged in my direction and in my moist plight I was discovered by the flashes, and again mounted upon the little horse. Thereafter, the officer who had questioned me about the Trout Creek raid rode upon my left, and in every gloomy crossing where appeared a possibility of

my making another attempt to escape, would firmly grasp the collar of my coat with his right hand as he rode beside me. But our ride when in the open country was not altogether unpleasant, for, as we became better acquainted, I soon found him to be an interesting companion, affording me much information relating to the Trout Creek raid in his version of the causes why Colonel Dickenson had failed to intercept the seventy men of my command of which the detail for the raid was composed.

The real reason was mainly owing to results in consequence of the desertion of the guide, a native of Florida, who had been provided for our guidance; and whose desertion was discovered upon our landing at Trout Creek from the steamer that conveyed us from Jacksonville. Thus, having no guide, my next resource was in consulting a small map furnished me by General Hatch when giving me instructions for the raid. This map is a rather crude affair having no roads indicated upon it, in that then sparsely settled portion of Florida; but with the aid also of my small pocket compass I was enabled to conduct our progress direct through the open pine barrens to localities indicated upon the map by the general. Thus by chance we had avoided the roads patrolled by Colonel Dickenson who as I learned from my communicative companion, had expected to capture our small force of cavalry raiders thereon with his command of several hundred men. The guide proved to be a spy, who, when he learned our destination was Trout Creek,

deserted to give such information as he then possessed to Colonel Dickenson; trusting that without his guidance we must necessarily find our way by means of the occasional roads and meet the enemy awaiting us upon them.

About nine in the evening those prisoners who were mounted, and the wagons conveying the wounded arrived at a large plantation house; the Confederate troops, being in advance, had already arrived and gone into camp.

The wounded Federal prisoners were removed into a large room on the first floor of this house. I asked permission to visit my wounded men, which after some delay, was granted. Entering the room I found the men lying upon the floor, and attended by a man who, although a soldier, professed to be a doctor. At all events, he seemed sufficiently competent for their present needs, and was also gentle and solicitous of their comfort in his treatment of them—eight in number.

It was a large room and in one corner was a fine double bedstead, well made up for comfortable repose. After the men had been cared for by the medical soldier I strolled over to the bed, and sat awhile upon it; and, no protest being made by the sentinel at the door, I presently threw up my feet and lay at full length. Then with much care to avoid being observed I slipped my hand into my boot-leg, and finally getting the rubber chain between my fingers drew out my watch. Hardly had I concealed it again about my person when an officer

entered from an adjoining room, who informed me that a guard was waiting to take me to the prisoners' quarters.

I protested, but it was of no avail. Then I asked if I could be provided with a blanket. His reply was: "You can ask the women in the next room if they will lend you one for tonight."

I had heard much loud talking in the room indicated, and as I passed into it through the door held open by the officer, I found three women and half a dozen officers; the latter seated before a cheerful fire.

I made my request, stating that, as my blanket was upon my horse when I was captured, I should be grateful for the loan of a blanket for the night. To my surprise, one of the women replied: "I reckon I can let you have one for tonight"; and entering an adjoining room, quickly returned with a brown U. S. Government blanket, handing it to me with a pleasant smile. It seemed she could be quite gracious to a captive. So I thought at the moment when thanking her. Then one of the officers addressed me thus: "Remain where you are, lieutenant, for the present, and I will soon take you to your quarters for the night." A few words were spoken in a low voice between himself and his companions, when rising, and raising his voice he indicated that I was to follow him.

We passed through the grounds fronting the house in silence until reaching the road, when after making a few general remarks, he asked me of what

regiment I was a member. His next question was of the number of cavalry stationed at Magnolia. It then flashed upon me why I had not been permitted to remain in the house, and occupy that comfortable bed; the cause of the prompt loan of the blanket, and the general courteous manner displayed toward me—an enemy and prisoner of war. And I replied: "If our positions were reversed, what answer would you give to me, to such an inquiry?"

His reply was: "Well lieutenant, I reckon you are about right!" And we both laughed heartily.

Following the road we shortly arrived beside a small fire kindled at the foot of a low hill covered with an open grove of trees. Between the tree trunks was reflected the light of a much larger fire, some twenty rods distance up the hill; a wood road winding to it through the trees from where we stood.

Crouched beside the small fire was a negro engaged in baking sweet potatoes in the hot ashes. After addressing a few words to the negro, the officer asked me to be seated; invited me to join him in demolishing a pile of baked potatoes, remarking that the soldiers had already cleaned out about everything eatable in the plantation but sweet potatoes. Yet I had seen many pigs and cattle about the farm buildings and adjacent fields.

As the officer made but a pretense of eating, I concluded that the feast was but another part of the pre-arranged plan to help prolong a conversation from which he had hoped for a more favorable

result. As I had eaten nothing since early morning, I made quite an inroad into the pile of potatoes. But my time to do so was limited, for very soon he signalled a soldier standing near by, whom he then told me, quite curtly, to accompany to the camp where the prisoners were confined.

I arose, slung the blanket over my arm, bade him good-night, to which he responded, and began my walk beside the guard up the hill toward the brilliant fire. The need of making my escape was ever in my mind. Another opportunity might possibly be now in prospect.

As we were half way toward the fire I perceived that its brightness made all objects visible within a large area. And, as we drew nearer, I observed many forms lying upon the ground in its vicinity, seemingly wrapped in slumber. These were the unwounded prisoners; twelve in number as I later counted them—my prison companions! All boys of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry. Some from my Company. Yes, boys! We were all not much if any more than boys in years!

The fire was in the centre of a small clearing in the grove. A space about ninety feet square had been marked out, and a sentinel paced back and forth along a beat upon each of the four sides of the square.

As I took in the situation while approaching the Prison Camp, I dragged my feet as though seemingly tired. Arriving at a corner of the square I was turned over to a soldier, presumably a sergeant,

who appeared to have been awaiting my arrival, and in a surly, impatient manner, I was ordered by him to cross the beat and join the other prisoners at the fire. Moving slowly toward the fire I cautiously examined the localities beyond the sentinels' beats, as far as the blaze enabled me to observe them.

Reaching the fire, I spoke to those of the prisoners who had looked up and greeted me as I approached; and replying to several inquiries made by them, I presently exclaimed in a rather loud voice that should reach the sentinels: "This fire is too hot for me!" turned and strolled to within about twelve feet of the beat of one of the sentinels; wrapped myself in the blanket and lay down near the foot of a large tree left standing in the clearing, and which as I had foreseen, its dense foliage would cast a deep shadow should the fire be permitted to die down.

This open space in the grove, was seemingly an old clearing that had been used for purposes connected with the plantation, for the ground was quite clear of bushes, and covered with short and much trampled grass extending to the edge of the adjacent timber a few yards beyond the beats of the sentinels. Beyond this clearing, the grove seemed fairly well underbrushed, as I had observed while approaching the camp.

Although lying apparently asleep I was very watchful of the fire and the sentinels; impatient that the blaze was kept up, and hoping that the men would grow weary and less observant. But it was

evidently the intention of the guards to keep the fire at full blaze, for, as it would burn low, the sergeant would repeatedly pile on armfuls of dry branches. I noticed, however, two circumstances that were in my favor: one, that my borrowed blanket, old, soiled and brown, very well matched the color of the dead grass upon which I was lying; the other, that the blazing fire had proved to be too hot for many of the prisoners, who had moved farther and farther away from its proximity. Otherwise I might have been ordered to remove to a greater distance from the sentinels' beats. In fact there soon appeared to me to be no prisoner within many yards of the fire. But the sentinels were very alert and kept watchful eyes upon every man.

In due time the relief came and the guard was changed; but I noticed that the new men, just awakened from sound slumber, were gaping and seemingly not as alert as their predecessors. However, a few sharp commands from the surly sergeant seemed to fully awaken them, and for awhile they would become alert.

The searching blaze from the fire was still kept up. About every fifteen or twenty minutes the sergeant would appear with his arms full of branches, and with an old shovel, often give the logs a scraping. And each time my hopes that a few moments of real darkness might be granted to me were disappointed. Twice while I was thus watching and waiting, the guard was relieved; the fire meanwhile was never permitted to smoulder and I, with

want of sleep, striving to keep myself awake and alert.

I must have lain there fully four hours, and was beginning to fear daylight would appear and spoil my chance for escape; and I believe that I must have been almost overcome by slumber, when suddenly I realized that I was in an almost total darkness, beneath the shadow of the tree. Glancing toward the fire I saw there was no blaze. The sergeant in charge must for the moment have lost consciousness, as well as myself.

I looked toward where the sentinels were walking their beats. They had all along been irregular in their meetings at the corner of the square. I could just perceive them in the dim light, as each would emerge from the shadow cast by the foliage of the tree.

Watching until they had both, at the same time left the shadow, and their backs were toward me, upon my hands and knees I crawled across the nearest beat, and carefully continued my progress until I had reached and entered the edge of the timber where I came against a fallen log. Close against this I crouched until the sentinels had both returned to their corner, about faced, and resumed their walks toward the further ends of their beats, again with their backs toward me.

I then crossed the log, and with extreme care continued my progress, but in most impenetrable darkness I had gone but a few rods, feeling before me to avoid any fallen branches that would crackle

under my weight, and was about to rise to my feet, congratulating myself upon the success of my venture, when the fire suddenly blazed up just as I hit against a sleeping man. A loud exclamation came from him as he arose from the ground, I springing to my feet at the same time, and to my dismay was at once recognized in the increasing light as a prisoner.

I was immediately surrounded by a dozen or more men who had been lying around the remains of a fire, which someone then kicked into a blaze; calls were made, and an officer whom I had not before seen hurriedly came toward us from the direction of the prison camp, and I heard him remark that no other prisoner had escaped. But I also heard him using violent language, and presumed it was directed to the surly sergeant for his neglect in not keeping the fire up.

However, to my surprise, I was not ill treated, but subjected to much good natured raillery in regard to my two attempts and failures to effect an escape.

The officer then took me back to my late quarters in the prison camp, where fortunately recovering my blanket, in a very few minutes I was wrapped in a sound and very much needed slumber. I had learned, however, from this officer before he left me that it was Colonel Dickenson, with whom I had gone from the plantation house to the sweet potato feast; and who had evidently been disappointed in his expectations of information to be obtained from

his guest. I saw much of Colonel Dickenson, however, during the next few days. Heard no more of the "squaring of accounts" for the Trout Creek burnings; and before we finally parted I had grown really to like the man quite well personally.

In fact, the following night we were quartered in a conscript camp, and Colonel Dickenson proposed that I should share his quarters in a one-room log building; and after we had turned in to our bunks he kept me awake, it seemed for hours, recounting to me his adventures upon his first visit to New York several years before the war, when he appeared to have painted that city bright scarlet.

The following day we prisoners left this camp en route for a station on the Florida R. R., in charge of several officers and many guards. Near this station we were confined two days in a loosely built log pen, fit only for cattle, and very much crowded; but otherwise we were well treated by our guards; and I was given a parole to visit the small town nearby, enabling me to purchase a few combs and other useful articles for my co-prisoners, as well as for myself, at an apothecary's who presented me with two books, one a Victor Hugo, which were both finally read to tatters.

Upon the morning of the third day after our arrival, we were turned over to a new detail of guards, and we were then headed for the station about a mile distant, to board a train awaiting us there.

Following the other prisoners and in conversation with one of our new guards, about half way to the

station I heard the noise made by a galloping horse in our rear, and a moment later an officer of our guards from whom we had just parted drew in his horse beside me, and held out his hand for me to grasp in farewell, when, upon loosening his grasp of my hand I felt something crisp left in its palm: Immediately turning his horse he dashed off at full speed, but exclaiming "Good luck to you!"

Upon unfolding the small article left in my hand, I found to my astonishment fifty dollars in Confederate money. And this from one who had been my recent opponent in a cavalry engagement!

It was then and later, very much to my regret that I had not known nor could obtain his name, that I might have written him while I was still in durance, of my appreciation of his very thoughtful liberality in view of privations that I might later be subjected to before regaining my freedom.

Thus began my experience as a prisoner of war, that continued five long months, incarcerated in many prison stockades, until, after many attempts to escape, I once more breathed the air of freedom beneath the banner of stars and stripes.

THE PRISON CELL

THIRTY-NINE years is a long stretch in one's lifetime for memory to leap backward and recall with distinctness events that happened at such a distant date; even such incidents as may have been of a personal nature and having more than a common interest to oneself when enacted.

Thirty-nine years ago it was my ill fortune to be a prisoner of war, confined in a dark, damp, dirty cell a dozen feet below the level of the yard outside, and beneath the stone walls of the common jail in Charleston city, South Carolina.

This was in the month of November, 1864.

Beside myself, imprisoned in this gloomy cell I had two companions, one a lieutenant of artillery, the other a French sailor, a deserter, as he informed us, from a blockade runner.

The cell was nine or ten feet square, flagged with stone, one-half covered with a board platform rising six or eight inches above the flags, and upon which my two luckless companions and I sat by day and slept by night. The cell contained no furniture of any kind—bare walls, bare floor excepting the platform—and a little window near the ceiling afforded a dim light coming through a deep, narrow well some two feet wide sunken in the yard above. Of ventilation there was almost none, and the offensive odor in that black hole was unspeakably bad. How men could live and keep their health in a place like

that is a marvel to me now. But how well did this fact prove our splendid constitutions and perfect physical condition, enabling us three prisoners successfully to resist the poison emanating from such an atmosphere as we breathed and lived in, and also the mouldy, clammy dampness that filled our garments and enveloped us in a viscous moisture that covered everything about us, for God's precious sunshine could never penetrate and purify that awful cell.

Our pillow was a stick of firewood; our bed the boards; our bedding a ragged blanket belonging to the lieutenant, and a cotton coverlid which I had brought there, and which we shared with the French sailor who had none.

Now I had been exposed to the rigors of the cavalry service for more than two years at the front, before I was made prisoner; and had cheerfully endured the many privations and exposures incident to the arduous service of the Federal cavalry, mainly in Kentucky and Tennessee. And I was well seasoned to endure reasonably fair treatment in the Confederate prisons. But the awfulness of that cell beneath Charleston jail, when I first entered it, was a shock even to my seasoned nerves and is as vivid to me now, almost, as at that time.

This happened as I have stated in November, 1864, just after the removal of prisoners to Camp Sorghum, Columbia; and when I was brought into this jail I learned from these two men, whom I

first met there, that we three comprised all the Federal prisoners then in the building. The other tenants of the jail were convicts, and in great number.

It was night when the guard conducted me to the jail from the provost marshal's headquarters, where, coming from Savannah on the cars, I had arrived that afternoon. The men captured with me upon a cavalry raid in Florida were forwarded from our place of confinement in Savannah to Andersonville, which prison pen became a grave, as I learned afterwards, for many of them. Bad as my after experience in prison life was, it was far more endurable than theirs and was devoid of the horrors of that terrible Andersonville prison, in which more than twelve thousand of our soldiers perished from starvation, sickness, and inexcusably brutal treatment and neglect.

Approaching the imposing stone building pointed out to me by the guard as my "hotel for the night," I glanced at the high walls and grated windows which, in the dim light of evening appeared magnified in size and extent, and as the heavy outside door of this jail was closed behind me I felt indeed that I was a prisoner de facto, for hitherto since my capture I had been confined in camps and barracks, and had been fairly well treated and provided for by my captors.

Entering a small office I was ordered to write my name, rank, regiment and other details in a record book. The guard who brought me was dismissed,

and I was then told to follow a turnkey who had been summoned. Just before leaving the room I turned to the jailor and said:

"I have had no food but a piece of corn bread, since yesterday in Savannah. Will you oblige me with something to eat? The provost marshal told me you would do so."

"All right," was the cheerful reply. "I'll send some to your quarters."

This word "quarters" sounded encouraging, and thanking him I followed the turnkey.

To the last day of my life, I shall never forget my heart-sinking sensation as we proceeded through the corridors of that dreadful building; guided by the dim light from a lantern carried by the turnkey. We descended many stone steps; grated doors were unlocked, we passed through them, and they were closed with a loud clanging sound which seemed to jar most horribly upon my nerves.

Presently, in a narrow passage, lined on either side with closed doors having small loop-hole gratings, the man stopped before one of them, inserted a key in the lock from a big bunch that he carried, pushed it open, and indicated that I was to enter. I looked in through the partly open door. All was blackness beyond that dark, gaping cavern entrance, and a most fetid, nauseous odor came through the open doorway into my nostrils. Oh! it was dreadful! And especially so to me, who had lived and slept, during the past two and one-half

years, in tents, and oftener in the fresh air without any shelter whatever.

"See here," said I to the turnkey, "is this the best you can do for me?"

"Yes! Get in! Quick!" was the rough reply.

"Well, you can get me a candle, can't you, when you bring the supper that the jailor up-stairs promised me?"

Seemingly, as an echo to my words, came from the inside of the cell a loud mocking laugh; at all events, it seemed full of mockery to me in my far from tranquil state of mind. And I have a recollection that my reply to the interrupter, in spite of its surprise to me, was not polite. And yet at the moment it afforded some relief to know that I should have a companion in this miserable den.

Again I asked the turnkey if he would bring me some food. A gruff answer—"Get in there, quick, if you want it!" followed. I stepped forward and partly entered the cell; a shove from behind was given me, the door was closed, and I stood in a most bewildering and awe-inspiring darkness.

A keen disappointment at false promises made by the suave provost marshal of "comfortable quarters and supper"; a sickening disgust at what I had already realized since entering the jail; a feeling of dread of what might be revealed if light were thrown upon my environment, for a space which seemed an age filled me with a heart sinking such as in the broad light of day could hardly be equalled.

That mocking laugh still ringing in my ears; and

who its owner might prove to be, and what condition of man he was; and what, possibly vile companions I might discover with him, flashed through my mind and added a nameless horror to my already overcharged feelings.

Then, a voice seeming to come from the ground before me, demanded:

"Who are you? What's your name? What do you belong to?"

It was a pleasant, a manly voice. I have listened to it very many times since that first strange meeting with its owner. It gained my confidence at once although the words were tersely spoken, and I promptly replied to the three inquiries. Then came my turn to put similar questions, which were answered as frankly.

By great good fortune I had a box of matches—one well filled, too—which I had secured through the agency of the guard who brought me from Savannah. Lighting one of these matches, its feeble flame—for I believe it was of Confederate manufacture—afforded but a dim light, sufficient however for me to take in rapidly the size, contents, and occupants of the cell, which I have already described.

Its two occupants were lying upon a platform, covered with a torn, ragged blanket, their heads resting upon a stick of firewood upon which they had placed their folded jackets to serve them as a pillow.

"What were you laughing at just before I was shoved into this pigsty?" was my next inquiry.

"Don't be too severe upon these luxurious quarters, or you'll have no words left for future surprises that are in store for you, young man!" replied the lieutenant; who continued, "To begin with, you expect a supper, and a candle to enable you to see to eat it, don't you?"

"Why shouldn't I? They promised me something to eat, at all events," was my hopeful rejoinder.

"Well, you won't need the candle for that purpose. Maybe you have mistaken this palace for a hotel? I see, you are not used to jail discipline, yet, my friend. You have much to learn."

"Then you think the turnkey won't bring the supper? I am just about starving!"

"Not tonight, I can most positively assure you. You will receive your next ration when we get ours; and it grieves me to say that it will not be issued until four o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh! you're fooling," I replied. "We will have breakfast, anyway!"

"With chops, eggs, and coffee with cream maybe you think? Not one mouthful unless you have the money to buy it with!"

"You do not mean me to believe that the prisoners here are fed but once a day?" I inquired in much trepidation, feeling the promptings of a very keen appetite.

"Fact, as you'll learn, my starving friend. At all events it is so with respect to us Yankee prison-

ers. With the regular jail birds, of which there are many here, they may be more considerate. Take a reef in your belt; lie down here beside me, fold your coat over the end of this stick, and I will share my blanket. I see you have a cotton affair for a blanket, and it looks thin, but we'll divide. We spoon here to keep warm,—this Frenchman and I. He can't speak or understand English, so we can talk unreservedly."

Meanwhile I had been drawing quite liberally upon my stock of matches, as I dreaded being again enveloped in the darkness of that odorous cell.

I was fortunately well supplied with tobacco, which a generously disposed Confederate officer, one of my captors, had given me in Florida; and also had, when offering me his hand at parting, left in mine a small roll of bills—fifty dollars in Confederate money.

If he should ever read this sketch, I wish him to know that as he turned his horse's head from where he left me, a mile from Lake City, Florida, as we prisoners were leaving there, that the grateful thanks followed him that he would not stop to receive, for his many kind, thoughtful services rendered to me and to my men while prisoners under his charge.

From this tobacco we filled our pipes, and also that of the sailor. And as we lay upon the hard, damp boards, my newly found friend and I smoked and talked until long into the night, then turned to sleep until the noise of rattling keys outside the

door, and the rough, husky voice of the turnkey who opened it, warned us that the time had come to follow him to the jail yard. And this at four o'clock in the chilly November morning, long before the sun would usher in another day and warm our shivering bodies, and dry our damp, clinging garments. Yet it was a most grateful change from that fetid atmosphere which we left behind in the dungeon below the surface of the ground.

To fill our lungs with deep breaths of the pure, refreshing, invigorating air, and rid them of the impurities contracted over night, made some amends for the other discomforts. I have, still, a picture of that prison yard, drawn by an artist prisoner, and of the corner in it where I have crouched many and many a weary hour—wrapped in my cotton coverlid—against the wall of the "workhouse" as a building was called that made one side of the enclosure. This building had also been used as a prison for Federal prisoners. For exercise we paced the narrow space to which we were limited by the guard who walked his beat, separating our corner from the remainder of the enclosure where the common jail birds, criminals of all kinds, took their daily exercise. A ragged, unkempt, vicious, disreputable set of men as one could well imagine.

Still, we watched them with interest. It was something to employ the time which hung like lead, and it was an interesting study to observe these animals in their uncouth pastimes.

Upon ascending to the yard that first morning

through a dark corridor and up a flight of stone steps, and breathing the fresh air, my long fast, from what at Savannah two days before had been but little better than starvation rations, gave me a most ravenous appetite, and I reminded Lieutenant Shelton of his statement the past evening that food might be obtained if I had the money to pay for it; at the same time producing my small roll of Confederate bills. At this a look of positive delight spread itself over his good-looking countenance; and he informed me there was a bakeshop just outside the prison walls, and that I could obtain small loaves of bread by propitiating one of the guards, off duty, to get it for me. How much that bread cost I do not remember, but considering my diminutive store of Confederate bills, it made quite a breach in them. However, we three men stayed our appetites awhile with the result of the purchase; after eating which, Shelton advised me to whittle out a spoon, such as he showed me he had done for himself and one for the French sailor, from bits of firewood, a pile of which was stored at our end of the yard. He said I would need it at dinner time. How pleasantly that "dinner time" did sound! It revived remembrances of home dinners, away from home dinners, company dinners, dinners at clubs, all sorts of dinners that were good ones, substantial and satisfying; especially the last two requisites, which were never but a dream in those southern hotels where we were guests of the Confederacy. All day long we sat, or wandered about the narrow

space allotted us, at times pacing its length with the impatience of wild animals at the confinement and rigors of our imprisonment.

Our drinking water we obtained from a cistern beneath the prison yard which was all or nearly all covered with a layer of bricks. This cistern was supposed to be filled by rain conducted to it from the roofs of the jail; but much rain water ran into it from the yard itself, which was in a filthy condition, and the water carried with it the impurities from the bricks. Our only means of getting this water was by lowering a champaign bottle by a cord fastened to its neck, into the cistern, after raising the small iron grating which was fitted into the bricks of the yard. The water had a nauseating odor, and the taste was if anything worse than the smell.

At four o'clock P. M. of each day a turnkey would appear and conduct us to our cell, and our long-expected dinner—the one meal of the day—would then be served. When dinner is *announced,* one counts upon something vastly superior to what was served to us three prisoners that day, and every day while I remained in this and other Confederate prisons.

Our service! Yes, a tin kettle cover cracked and bent. This contained a pint of corn-meal mush; and on the summit of the pile was a piece of stringy beef, boiled until it was tasteless, and in size it was not larger than a good sized lemon. This was the dinner—the one meal per diem—for three hungry,

I may say ravenous men, with strong and healthy appetites. It is truly laughable to me to think of it now,—the incongruity of the meagre supply of food with the big appetites surrounding it. Shelton being the senior of the dinner party carved the joint —with his jack-knife. Two cuts, three pieces. Then with his wooden spoon he drew three lines from the centre to the outside edge of the pint of mush, to mark the triangular portion for each hungry man. And with our wooden spoons, each portion disappeared so quickly, so very quickly, that it almost seemed like magic.

That was our sumptuous dinner to stay our appetites for four and twenty hours. Starvation rations! Some may claim that they had no more to give. I don't believe such statement! Why did they put us in a vile, damp, filthy cell beneath the ground, when, to our knowledge, there were many vacant cells above, where light, sunshine and fresh air was to be obtained, and wet, mould, and horrid smells could be avoided? It was part and parcel with their stint of food, brutality of treatment, and cruel wish to make us suffer. I cannot tell one-half the miseries we endured in that dungeon—for such it was—a place hitherto reserved for the lowest, vilest criminals condemned to death.

The days were long and dreary. It seemed so hard to pass the time, and I longed for some books, if only to divert my thoughts from my surroundings. Even a city directory I would not have declined. Each morning about ten o'clock I saw a

file of convicts pass through our end of the prison yard; and upon inquiry learned they were the sick going to the doctor's office. One morning I asked permission of the guard to join them. The doctor's office was on the ground floor of the building. Entering it behind the line of convicts I awaited my turn, and when it came stepped forward to the table where the doctor sat. He looked critically at me, and asked my complaint.

"Doctor," I replied, "my health is good, except that I am badly fed, and am always hungry here. But I am longing for something to read. Anything to help me to pass these tedious days. Will you lend me a book?" My request, so unusual and unexpected, was greeted with a general laugh from all present—prisoners and guards. The doctor looked amused, then asked me some questions about myself, and dismissed me saying he would attend to my request.

Returning to the yard I gave Shelton an account of my reception, and we awaited with a good deal of eagerness as well as curiosity, the result. Sure enough, though I forget now if it was upon that or the day following, a package was handed to me with the compliments of Dr. ——. With what impatience we tore off the covering—and what think you we discovered? A bundle containing a dozen tracts! Yet, even these were not to be despised, and I think we read a good many of them and found them to be as instructive—though in a different way—as a city directory might have been. This had been in-

tended as a huge joke by the doctor. When we left that prison I returned the package with my thanks.

Many of my readers may have heard or read of the famous "Swamp Angel" as it was named,—a gun planted upon a piece of solid ground in the center of a marsh by General Gilmore, about four miles from Charleston. This gun had been used in shelling the lower portion of the city, and the shells from it and other guns that succeeded it caused great havoc among the buildings of the eastern half of the city. While lying in our cell at night we often heard these shells whizzing through the air as they approached our neighborhood; the shrieking sound would suddenly grow louder, followed by a thud or an explosion, and often by the crash of falling walls. At the times of firing, the shots would come about every twenty minutes. During the long period of bombardment, no shot or shell ever struck the jail, Roper Hospital or the workhouse,—the three prisons in which the Federal officers were confined. Whether this was owing to fortunate accident, or careful calculation of the gunners, I do not know. But if the latter as I believe, it proved a wonderful proficiency in gunnery, in range and the planting of the shots. We often heard the shells explode within a very short distance of our prison.

Often in our cell at night, or crouching beneath the walls in the yard by day, Shelton and I would discuss some means of escape when favorable opportunity should present itself, either from where

we were, or during some subsequent removal to other prison. These plans, impracticable as most of them were, had the good purpose to occupy our thoughts, keep us from brooding over the privations of our confinement, and stimulate hope.

Lieutenant Shelton had, a month earlier, escaped from Camp Sorghum, Columbia, and had reached the coast, where he had hoped to signal our gunboats and be rescued by one of them; but was recaptured and brought to this jail.

I had already made two attempts to escape since the day of my capture in Florida, the previous October; and instead of feeling discouraged at my failures, the glimpses of liberty which they afforded me seemed but to whet my appetite to make another trial for freedom. Most ingenious were some of our plans. I think we might have gotton out of that prison yard with the aid of my gold watch, as a bribe, could we have devised a means of leaving the city afterwards. There was the rub!

Upon my arrival in Charleston from Savannah about four o'clock in the afternoon, the guard who had brought me there conducted me from the railroad station to the provost marshal's headquarters. We found a soldier in sole charge of the office, who said that the provost marshal would not return for an hour at least. After sitting in the office a few moments, I asked the guard if he had ever visited the burned district of the city; and then suggested that instead of waiting an hour or more in that office, we should both go to the bombarded district

and see what it was like. This he objected to, yet after a short argument, I said I was going and that he had better come too. It was a chance shot but had the desired effect. And as I stepped toward the door he arose and followed me.

The soldier whom we had first seen had left the room, and we walked out of the building, down the steps and towards the lower end of the city.

For an hour or more we strolled about the ruins in this burned district, meanwhile visiting the wharves and water edge. Not a boat or raft or anything that would float a man could I discern. To evade the guard was quite possible in that desolate, deserted district; but I saw no hope of leaving the city from the water front. The upper portion of the city, I had already observed from the cars as we entered it, was protected by earthworks and fortifications manned by troops. It is quite likely that the guard was aware of the impossibility of an escape, or he would not have permitted me to taste this breath of seemed liberty. These facts I talked over with Shelton; and from his previous experience—for it was the second time that he had been a prisoner in Charleston—he mentioned other difficulties that I could not have foreseen.

While in our cell, a shell from the "Swamp Angel" struck a building in which the military guard of the prison was quartered. It was across the street from the prison walls. We learned that several of the occupants of the building were wounded, and that one was killed.

Although we remained in this jail but seven or eight days after my arrival, it had seemed as though a month had passed, when one afternoon Shelton and I were informed that the following day we were to go to the military prison in a suburb of Columbia. This was Camp Sorghum, the prison from which Shelton had made an escape five or six weeks earlier. It was most joyful news to him, as he said the opportunities to escape from that prison were many and easily effected. With what thankfulness we left that awful prison cell for the last time, early on the day of our departure for Columbia, though with regret leaving our humble friend the French sailor—a quiet, reserved, inoffensive sort of man—to occupy it alone. I hope that in a short time he arrived at his own home in France.

It was not until five months later that I finally passed through the Confederate lines, near Wilmington, North Carolina, and stood beneath the glorious flag, streaming in the wind, that had been hoisted to welcome us, returned prisoners of war.

A BREATH OF FREEDOM

A NEW day was just dawning early in November 1864, when Lieutenant William Henry Shelton and I were routed from our cell beneath Charleston jail and ordered by the turnkey to follow him. Arrived in the guard room of the prison we were informed that we were to leave Charleston for Camp Sorghum, South Carolina, to which prison the other Federal prisoners in Charleston had recently been conveyed.

Most welcome news was this to us both. It was from there that Shelton had a month earlier escaped, but had been re-captured near Charleston; and, as he had described it to me, it was an open prison, that is, without stockade, offering easy opportunities to escape, and was vastly more healthful than Charleston jail and the unspeakable condition of our underground cell with filthy drinking water and one meagre meal per day.

So it was with feelings of great elation that we heard the outside door of our late prison clang behind us, as, escorted by two guards, we were hastened toward the railway station. Our guards conducted us into a passenger car, where we were given the two seats in its centre directly opposite a small stove, the guards occupying seats next the doors at the car ends.

The morning was chilly, and the warmth of the wood fire in the stove was very grateful. Presently

the car began to fill with passengers—men, as this was the smoking car of the train. Our Federal uniforms seemed to attract much attention, but I believe we were not addressed at that time by any one of them.

It was an agreeable surprise, however, that we were permitted to make our journey in a passenger car, for freight and cattle cars were the usual conveyances of prisoners of war in the South. And I believe it was more for the comfort of our guards than for ourselves that they had not put us in a baggage car attached to the train, where they also would have been obliged to remain.

It was an all day journey to Columbia, and this appeared to be a way train, moving slowly and stopping at every station. Many times did we watch for an opportunity to leave the car with a crowd of passengers, unperceived by the guards. But they were very vigilant, and kept their posts at the doors at each stoppage of the train, until finally Shelton said it was no use to make an attempt to escape, since he had little faith in its final success as the distance from the seashore increased. He had already once tried the coast and failed, and said his next attempt would be from Columbia, travelling west to Knoxville, Tennessee. This route he did subsequently attempt and successfully entered the Federal lines in East Tennessee.

After the close confinement in Charleston jail, simply to sit in my car seat and breathe this air of seeming freedom was a delight in itself; and to

watch the passengers as they entered or left the car, the small or big crowds of natives at the various stations, and the scenery along the route—all was of such absorbing interest as to make me almost forget the real conditions under which the journey was performed—yet not entirely. During the early part of the trip Shelton and I studied the topography of the country as visible from the car windows, as the knowledge would be useful in the event of a successful escape from the car. And thus occupied, the time passed very quickly—too quickly it seemed as we drew away from the seaboard.

Upon leaving the jail, Shelton and I had been provided with no rations for the journey; or, if they had been given to our guards, they were kept by them for their own consumption. Our last meal in the jail, our one meal each day, served at four o'clock P. M., consisted of one pint of corn meal mush for three men—Shelton, a French sailor and myself—with about three mouthfuls each of boiled beef. This had left us, then, in an almost ravenous condition; and when about noon time I observed a Confederate officer who was sitting a few seats from me unroll a napkin and expose to my famished gaze a most liberal and appetizing lunch of broiled or fried chicken, corn bread, fruit and other delicacies, I watched every motion of his, as the tempting morsels disappeared, with the longing envy of a starving man.

Do you, my readers, know what real hunger and real thirst mean? One can suffer hunger with con-

siderable equanimity out of sight and knowledge of ample, delicious food. But to see it displayed before you and eaten with evident relish and enjoyment by another, while you are starving for a mouthful to satisfy the intense craving, enhances the latter to such an extent that men will become reckless of consequences in the means employed by which to satisfy their hunger. At one moment the impulse was strong with me to ask this officer to share his lunch with us, as I could see that he was amply provided. But the thought was but momentary, and I think I gave it up with a sigh.

Presently he finished his meal, and a colored man —his body servant—appearing, removed what was left of it; much more than one-half of the original lunch.

I then watched his actions as he drew a cigar from a case, searched unsuccessfully for a match, and then, rising, advanced toward the little stove at my right hand.

Of the two seats occupied by Shelton and myself the one in front we had reversed; and at this time Shelton had left his seat for one on the other side of the car some distance away. The Confederate officer stood by me endeavoring to find a spark of fire in the stove. As he failed to do so I addressed him:

"Permit me to offer you a light, sir," and I held toward him my precious box of matches, which I had managed to procure in Charleston on the day

that I was brought there before being incarcerated in its jail.

Giving me a keen glance he thanked me, lighted his cigar, and returning the matches, again thanking me, and said:

"I see you are a prisoner—a Federal officer. To what command do you belong, and where were you captured?"

Replying to these several inquiries I invited him to take Shelton's vacant seat, facing me. This he did at once, and having given him a brief outline of events since my capture in Florida about six weeks earlier, I hazarded a Freemason sign to which he instantly responded.

He then asked me my name and residence when at home, informing me of his name, rank (major), that he had graduated at West Point, and that his home was in Georgia. I then learned that he had known an uncle of mine who had graduated at West Point many years earlier than he. As our conversation proceeded I discovered that some fifteen years before the Civil War his wife had visited friends in Boston and that I, then but a boy, had seen her at an entertainment at my grandfather's house in Dorchester. These many bits of information so surprising as well as most interesting to ourselves, resulted in an offer from Major Powell to be of any possible service to me that was in his power to accomplish.

The first service rendered was food for Shelton and myself, when he learned our half-starved con-

dition; for Shelton returned to our seats about this time, and I presented him to the major. His regret was very sincere that his ample lunch had not been shared with us, instead of used "to stuff that lazy nigger."

At the next station Major Powell left the car, soon returning with a negro woman carrying a large basket, and Shelton and I were provided with the first full meal that either of us had had for many a long day. In fact, the contents of the basket were left with us, enough for several succeeding meals.

Now I think some of my fastidious readers will smile when they learn of what this sumptuous fare consisted which was so very, very satisfying to two prisoners of war: cornmeal pones and molasses cookies. But they were not only satisfying but very filling; and no Delmonico or Sherry dinner have I ever relished one-fourth as much; nor one cooked by the famous chef Sohier at the Reform Club in London. The major had bought out the colored woman's entire stock for our consumption.

Learning that our destination was Columbia, he expressed regret that we should very soon part company, for I think he really enjoyed this friendly encounter with Shelton and myself, as he remained with us until we arrived at Branchville where we were to change cars for Columbia, the major continuing westward to Georgia. Meanwhile he had promised me a letter to General Lovel, then in Columbia, upon whose staff he informed me he had served in New Orleans. This letter he said he

would write at the station of Branchville, where both trains would make a long stop.

Arrived at the station the major bade us "Au revoir," leaving the car at once to find some place where he could procure pen, ink and paper, as he informed us. But immediately upon his departure our guards approached and ordered us to accompany them, one leading the way, the other following us.

From the Charleston jail to the train, the manner of these guards had been, if not civil, at least without coarseness or brutality; and in the car they had in no manner interfered, though keeping vigilant watch at each end of the car. But now we observed a change for the worse. In fact, with surly words, they hustled us along the station platform toward the rear of the station building, both Shelton and I looking in every direction for the major.

Entering the building we were taken to what appeared to be a small, dark closet, the door of which was open, and we were told to enter. I protested, saying that the major was then writing a letter that would be of service to us in Columbia. For reply we were both suddenly shoved into the closet, the door slammed to, and securely fastened. This closet was about ten feet square. It had no window, and was very securely built, as, upon careful examination, Shelton and I discovered; and from its appearance, odor, and other peculiar indications, we concluded that it was designed and used for a slave pen.

We tried the door and walls; there was no hope of escape from it without the aid of an axe or saw. As there was but a very feeble light, such as came through chance crevices, our investigations were made with the help accorded by my then invaluable box of matches; and as the room was bare of furniture, tired of standing, we presently selected the least foul portion of the floor for seats, and relieved our feelings of indignation by anathematizing our guards in no gentle language for endeavoring, through a malignant jealousy, to thwart any future benefit that might come from our new-found friend the major, and for putting us needlessly in this vile place of confinement, to await their pleasure or convenience.

It seemed about an hour when we heard approaching steps; the door was opened by our two surly guides; a gush of fresh air, and a flood of light that for the moment nearly blinded our eyes, penetrated the closet, we were greeted with the order: "Come Yanks, get out of that, quick, damn ye!" and we were hurried across the platform to the smoking car of a train that seemed about ready to start. As soon as we were seated in the car, I opened a window and thrust out my head hoping to see the major.

It was a long train, and this car was the first after the engine and baggage car. The bell was ringing and the train moving. As I glanced down the platform toward the rear end of the train, I saw Major Powell about two cars to the rear of the

smoker, following the moving train and scanning each window. I waved my hat; this he presently observed, but it was too late to overtake my car. But he held up something white that I knew was the much desired letter. He then seemed to look for someone on a car platform of the then rapidly moving train, who could grasp and deliver the letter—but, I noticed, without success. However, before withdrawing my head I waved him a farewell to show that I understood and appreciated his good intentions, which he returned by raising his hat, and stood thus on the platform until we passed out of his view.

After all, the disappointment in not getting the letter was but temporary. Arrived at Camp Sorghum, I one day managed to procure the means of writing to General Lovel, which I did, mentioning my meeting with Major Powell, and his intention in respect to the letter of introduction. A few days later a guard came to me to accompany him to the prison headquarters, a short distance outside the dead line. I was presented to General Lovel, who had come from Columbia, two miles distant, in response to my letter. The general proved to be a very good friend indeed, and I am very grateful for the assistance in the matter of privileges that were granted to me through his requests to the prison authorities. I still treasure several letters that he sent me while I remained in Camp Sorghum.

THE SWINGING SIGN

It is a very ill wind indeed that does not blow good to someone. And the wind that sent clouds of dust careening through the crowded streets, covering and almost smothering the prisoners of war as they were conducted from Camp Sorghum Prison in the suburb of Columbia, South Carolina, to the stockade called the Asylum Prison, seemed to have no hopeful promise in it that could or would in any way better their condition collectively or individually.

Yet that very wind did, indirectly, afford one of the unfortunate band a very signal service. For it was the means by which his attention was attracted and fixed upon a swinging sign that at each repeated gust rattled and shook, while he, with bitter feelings of retaliation in his heart, watched eagerly its every motion, hoping it would break loose from its insecure fastenings and whirled on the wings of that wind, crash into the crowd of yelling, jeering Southerners who lined the sidewalk beneath it, breaking heads, and accomplishing all the damage else it could possibly do to them.

The greater number of those in that forlorn procession of half starved prisoners were but well grown boys, just out of school or college when they volunteered in the eventful service of our country, as became them to do, in her greatest need. And three years of contention with the southern Rebels

on many a sanguinary battlefield, and the privations and sufferings incident to long confinements in awful prison stockades, had generated a bitterness in their hearts against their Southern foes that had bred the wish for any ill to befall them that Fate might order and dire accident bring. That the swinging sign would fall and do great damage to the heads and limbs beneath it, I believe was the heartfelt hope that day of many a passing prisoner besides myself.

Yet observe how, later, I was rebuked for the malevolent wish; and by the very good that came to me from the persistence with which, in that spirit of vindictiveness, I watched the swinging sign, till the last moment that it was within my sight.

Lieutenant Oliver W. West, 1st New York Dragoons, and I were chums; and together we had left our hovel in Camp Sorghum that windy morning in December, 1864, carrying attached to our persons our very meagre household outfit—a camp kettle, several old tin cans à la tramp, a worn-out hatchet, a bedquilt and a blanket. I think that was all besides the apologies for clothes that we stood in.

We were to join the procession of about twelve hundred of our prison companions. But this we did not do until we had collected a pile of rubbish inside of our late habitation, which was built of small logs or poles, the chinks stopped up with mud, and roofed with shakes, and had put fire in the pile.

I gleefully saw the small building in full blaze before the procession, which we had then joined, was out of sight of it.

Early that morning the order had come to "pack up," and with it the rumor that we were to remove into the town, and that our present camp, and the hovels and shanties therein, built entirely by the prisoners themselves, were to be used by the rebels for a conscript camp. So much hard labor should not go for the benefit of our enemies! Hence the burning of many of the habitations; the rebel soldiers being insufficient in number to guard the prisoners from escaping, and at the same time detail enough men to extinguish the flames.

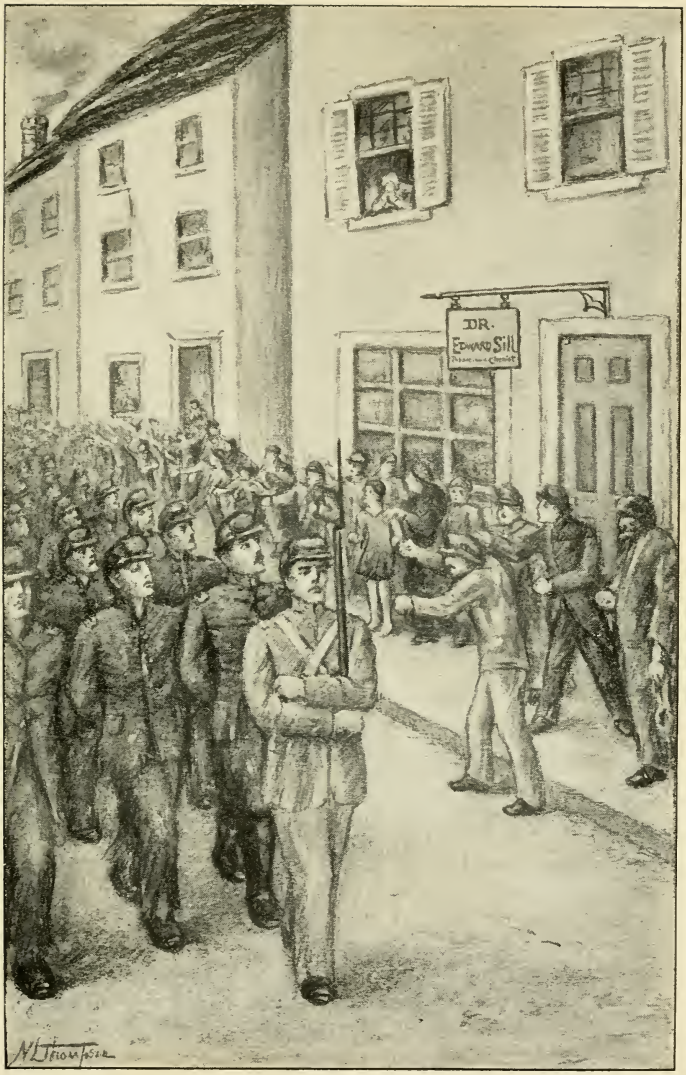
Protests and threats were freely made, but little heed was paid to them as fresh flames arose in different parts of the old camp. The firing of these shanties caused the guards to treat the prisoners with an excess of rigor, in their endeavor to get them into line and started on the way to Columbia; and this was enhanced by a spirit of contrariety that seemed to pervade the crowd of prisoners, who had, after months of labor, made themselves fairly comfortable in this open prison devoid of stockade, which also offered fine opportunities to escape, often seized. To be forced to leave it, for a confined, stockaded prison, in the town, which we had learned was to be our destination, was deplored by every prisoner. Hence the rebel guards—officers and men—had their hands full to organize and get the procession off on its unwelcome journey.

An hour or so later when the sorry but grotesque looking crowd of ragged, half-starved prisoners entered the main streets of Columbia, they were by no means courteously greeted by the inhabitants. Any exhibition of that famous Southern hospitality and cordial welcome that we have so often read about was quite omitted; and in its place, the men, women and children who filled the sidewalks, were there seemingly but to taunt and otherwise insult the much hated Yankee prisoners of war plodding along in the midst of them—and they did it!

Well, their beautiful town was soon to be a smoking ruin; fired by its own misguided citizens as well as by their soldiers, upon the advent of General Sherman and his victorious army.

In spite of its forlorn appearance, I think there was more seeming high spirits displayed in the procession than it seems now possible to believe. There was evidently a dogged determination not to appear cast down before our enemies; and in spite of the threats and curses from the rebel guards, the men could not be stopped from hurling back bitter taunt, scathing invective, and telling ridicule in reply to the affronts received. Oh, yes! we carried it off well enough, but the manifestation could be but on the surface. And how could it be otherwise?

Just answer the question yourself, after learning something of what it was like to be a prisoner of war, dependent upon Southern hospitality as then exhibited to us. For the sake of experiment omit your meals for twenty-four hours, and see how



"***THEY WERE BY NO MEANS COURTEOUSLY GREETED"***

you feel then! Imagine the effect upon yourself should you multiply this short period of abstinence by say one hundred or so days, having each day but one pint of corn meal to be cooked by yourself in some crude manner, with a little sorghum—a sort of thin, tart molasses—to help get it down. No meat, no vegetables. Nothing but corn meal and sorghum. And if your angelic disposition, that your friends now so much admire would not meanwhile suffer, I will frankly acknowledge that I was in some measure justified in hoping that that sign would fall and hurt as many of my jeering enemies as it possibly could! The more, the better!

Arrived at our new quarters—the Asylum Stockade—Lieutenant West and I pitched our new camp —which was in effect to pre-empt a piece of ground a yard or so square, and hold the fort by sitting down on it.

Presently I noticed some prisoners coming from an old building in a corner of the stockade bringing bits of canvas, presumably old tents and pieces of old tents. I left West in charge of our yard-square fort and of our joint possessions, and hurrying to the building secured a somewhat dilapidated hospital tent fly. This I shortly afterwards exchanged for an old tent, but one that I believed would serve our purpose better than the tent fly; and it did, for with a little ingenuity we constructed from it, a quite comfortable, rain tight, though small shelter.

Fixed in our new habitation my thoughts reverted to the swinging sign, and to what was of very much

greater importance—the name, in gilded letters inscribed upon it—"Dr. Edward Sill, Physician and Chemist."

Now this name "Edward Sill" was the same as that of one of our companions in Camp Sorghum, who, a month earlier had made a successful escape with one of my earlier companions Lieutenant William Henry Shelton, now of New York City, and another prisoner Lieutenant A. T. Lamson. After many mishaps they won their way to freedom through the Union lines in east Tennessee. The similarity of the names had impressed me while watching the sign swinging in that, for me, propitious wind.

A few days after our arrival in this new prison, we observed an unusual commotion at the entrance gate; and a mule team was driven in hauling a loaded wagon. A large tent was taken from the wagon and pitched near the gate; and this was soon stocked with meat, vegetables, and a limited variety and supply of such articles as might be needed, and find a sale among those prisoners who had been so fortunate as to escape the customary wholesale robbery by their captors, and thus to have a little money to exchange for these commodities—to us, at that time great luxuries. This was the prison sutler's tent.

I had been one of those fortunate ones, and although the sum that I had effectually concealed about my person when captured was but a few dollars, I had enough left to enable me to purchase

several sheets of note paper, of Confederate manufacture, a pen, and some ink. So I wrote to Dr. Sill—the rough draft of which letter, I most fortunately retained, with those also of subsequent letters.

Military Prison, Columbia, S. C.
December 24, 1864.

Dr. Edward Sill,
Columbia,
Sir:—

I am a Federal prisoner of war. While passing through Columbia last week during the recent removal of prisoners from Camp Sorghum, I observed your sign. I was captured a short time since (October) in Florida and robbed. I have but one blanket and have the rheumatism badly, and suffer very much from the cold through the need of necessary protection. I have no money with which to purchase bed clothing, and my gratitude would be very sincere if a few blankets or comforters could be procured for me, and I would endeavor to return the kindness if an opportunity offered, to some prisoner in the North after my exchange.

Respectfully yours,
Henry G. Dorr.
1st Lieut. 4th Massachusetts Cavalry.

At Camp Sorghum and at the Asylum Prison were issued to each prisoner every five days, five pints of corn meal, one-half pint of sorghum, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of flour, and the same of rice. The prisoners were left to cook

this ration as best they could. Meat and vegetables were never issued at Camp Sorghum or at the Asylum Prison; but both could be bought from the sutler by those prisoners who had the wherewithal to purchase them.

The almost universal way of cooking the corn meal was to convert it into griddle cakes, always providing there were means to be had upon which to fry them. To obtain this latter was a vexatious difficulty, as there were but very few frying pans among the prisoners; no cooking utensils, except a very inadequate number of iron camp kettles, having been provided by the prison authorities, and each frying pan was taken in turn, and went the round of many messes twice each day. As a substitute, pieces of soapstone were in many instances used.

Meal and water were mixed; a little of what was there termed "souring" was added, and salt if it was to be had, that was the full receipt for this delectable mess, which, in spoonfuls was poured onto a hot frying pan or soapstone griddle that had previously been greased, and this mixture soon became a flapjack or griddle cake which, with a dash of sorghum was our meal morning and evening—two meals per diem—month in and month out, and as it seemed forever and ever to us hungry boys.

To you, my friends, as well as to myself, it now seems marvellous how a young man, accustomed to such comforts and luxuries as our present homes provide, who had been in the enjoyment of them be-

fore he entered the service of his country as a soldier, could for weeks and months, find existence bearable supported by such meagre and unwholesome food, and bearing such discomforts as I have described. But these were *luxuries,* compared with the fearful sufferings that tens of thousands of our soldiers endured and sank under in the prison pens of Andersonville, Florence, Salisbury, Belle Isle and other stockades. As for myself, I had been inured to the hardships and exposures of an arduous cavalry service of then more than two years, almost always at the front. And barring a temporary attack of rheumatism, I was well seasoned for the prison life that I then experienced. I do not wish anything that is personal to myself, in my reminiscences, to be regarded otherwise than as a fortune of war and experience in a soldier's life which he was well able to endure.

But I wanted a frying pan. I had become tired and disgusted with twice daily waiting my turn for something upon which to fry corn meal messes. And often it would be hours after the time for the morning meal, before a frying pan or soapstone griddle could be procured. In the main street of Columbia I had observed frying pans displayed in the window of a hardware store, and over the door the legend:

"A. Palmer, 122 Main Street."

At the time that I wrote to Dr. Sill, Lieutenant West wrote to the above address for a frying pan. There was no response to his letter.

A few days after dispatching my letter to Dr. Sill, a Confederate soldier entered the stockade and after some inquiry directed his steps toward our quarters, where West and I were engaged in building a small fireplace to our tent, out of clay supported by sticks, with a stick and clay chimney made from the soil, which was composed of a mixture of clay and sand. The soldier inquiring for me said, I was to follow him to the guard house outside the prison. We passed through the gate of the stockade, and entered a wooden building just beyond it. There, awaiting me was a young man about eighteen years of age, and a negro girl of twelve carrying a bundle.

The young man introduced himself as the son of Dr. Edward Sill, and handed me the following letter:

Columbia, December 29, 1864.

Lieutenant Henry G. Dorr,
Military Prison,
Columbia, S. C.

Sir:—

Your note of 24th did not reach me until the day before yesterday. The inclemency of the weather, together with the severe indisposition of Mrs. Sill, upon whom has developed the duty of attending to these things, has prevented an earlier attention to your request.

Accept them such as they are. I only regret that we could not do better, or send them earlier.

Wishing you a speedy recovery of your health,

and an early restoration to your friends, I remain

Yours respectfully,

Edward Sill.

P. S. My son Tergevant Sill hands you this, together with the articles above referred to.

E. S.

The young man seemed somewhat embarrassed, especially as a Confederate officer stood by giving strict attention to whatever was said by young Sill or myself. There were many questions that I greatly wished to ask Sill, but could not in that observing presence. I finally bade him farewell with grateful messages to his father and mother. The negro girl was permitted to accompany me to my quarters to bring the bundle; and I noticed that the guard who came with us, was very watchful that I should obtain no information from her of affairs outside the prison.

It had been noticed by many prisoners that I had left the prison, with a guard. And where news from the outside world was rarely obtained, and our daily life and occupations were painfully monotonous, any unusual occurrence was apt to create a very general interest and curiosity. And upon my re-entrance, accompanied by a small negress carrying a mysterious bundle that was nearly half as big as herself, a rapidly increasing crowd of prisoners followed us to my quarters where I had left West, to learn what it was all about, and questions were fired at us from all sides.

Opening the bundle the first thing that appeared

was a round, thick cake, containing about as much substance as an ordinary loaf of bread. This, West and I cut into small pieces and distributed among our waiting fellow prisoners. Lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels each had a mouthful—not much more; but the cake went by bits to a great many hungry mouths. Besides the cake and other articles of provisions, the bundle contained two warm bed quilts. These latter were a god-send to West and myself, as West's blanket was old and ragged, and my cotton coverlid that I had "gathered in" in Georgia was badly worn and of little warmth; and that night, and many succeeding chilly, damp nights, we slept in great comfort beneath these warm coverings. And such true, deep heartfelt thanks, as this so lately unamiable, vindictive soldier sent after that Dr. Sill, who had proved such a benefactor in his distress; that lovable old gentleman, with the heart of gold; kindly, sympathetic, heedful of trouble and sorrow; ready with a helping hand, where such was possible;—were never more gratefully breathed by suffering for helpful friend.

Among the provisions found in the bundle was a large, carefully done up broiled beef steak. We re-heated a piece of this at once, and its delicious taste lingered long in our mouths. And at each succeeding meal we did the same, until not a scrap was left. And also in the bundle was a piece of bacon. That we utilized to grease our borrowed frying pans for the morning and evening meal of

flapjacks, until it had become a dry, parched chip. In these unusual delicacies and luxuries West and I revelled for several days. Our spirits rose with the comparative abundance and variety of sustaining, invigorating viands, that the several pounds of steak, a loaf of real wheaten bread, and the bacon for griddle greasing afforded us; and plans for escape were once more discussed with the renewed vigor that our strength-giving food gave us.

Tunneling was attempted as the then most likely means to get out of the prison pen, although many other ingenious plans were proposed by which the guards might be circumvented—which in one or two instances were attempted with success. Several tunnels were begun about that time. The process of tunneling was very simple to conceive, but hard to execute. Twenty or more men were selected to dig the tunnel. A bell shaped excavation was made generally in the fireplace of one of the apologies for tents situated near the dead line. The hole was sunk about five feet. Then a tunnel about two and one-half feet wide and two feet high was dug beneath the dead line and stockade to end about one hundred feet from its beginning. It was intended that these tunnels should be completed at a time when, on some dark stormy night the surface outside the stockade might be pierced and a general exodus of the prisoners result, who hoped to evade re-capture and reach General Sherman's advancing army.

The operation of digging the tunnels was hard

enough, as knives, spoons, sticks, tin plates were the only tools to be had; and then the ventilation was so very bad that one could not remain in the tunnel but a few minutes at a time, and the change of operators was in consequence very frequent. The next difficulty was to dispose of the bright red earth or clay of which the soil was composed, a sight of which would have immediately given away the fact of a tunnel to the rebel guards.

Although the prisoners had not been provided by the southern Confederacy with utensils for cooking their apologies for rations, they did have issued to them a modicum of fire wood for that purpose. And there were many chimneys of sticks and clay, built over fireplaces made of similar material. In fact, the occupants of nearly every habitation had built one of these easily and rapidly constructed structures. For to build it was an occupation for the time being; and if there was really not much to cook in the fireplace, there was always the hope in the hearts of the builders—and our Yankee temperament is apt to be so prone to hopefulness—that a time might arrive when something more appetizing than corn griddle cakes should be obtained, and then the fireplace would be there, built and ready for instant use. Vide, Mrs. Sill's beef steak!

The tunneling was always done at night, and the earth concealed beneath blankets in the hovel from which the tunnel was started. The hole, when the work ceased each morning, was also concealed with short boards, covered with clay and ashes, and the

fire for the morning meal built thereon. But each night there were many apparently quarrelsome disputes among the prisoners, followed by the knocking down and demolishing of a chimney. And in retaliation another chimney, and so on; and to rebuild these fireplaces and chimneys the previous night's supply of red tunnel earth would be consumed.

The rebel guards no doubt regarded the prisoners as very quarrelsome, probably wondering if we were at the North all of the same cast; and never realizing at that time, the real motive for the contests that broke forth every night among these clever Yankee boys.

Several weeks passed by. The starvation rations of meal and sorghum—the flour and rice hardly counted for anything; one tablespoonful of each for a five days' ration—had become unendurable. The attack of rheumatism that I had contracted, during two days' confinement in a negro pen at Lake City, Florida, exposed to a biting blizzard, gave me much pain, and what remained of my clothing was in a shocking state of dilapidation, and on the twentieth of January I addressed the following letter to Dr. Sill:

Military Prison,
Columbia, January 20, 1865.

Dr. Edward Sill,
Dear Sir:—

I avail myself of an opportunity to reply to your kind letter of December 29th accompanied by the

articles sent me by yourself and Mrs. Sill, and I wish to thank you very much for them. And I feel that I am under great obligations to you and yours for the kindness already shown me.

One more favor I am obliged to ask of you, being the only one I know outside of the stockade, or from whom attention would be paid to my request. As I am entirely destitute of funds I am unable to purchase necessary clothing for which I am badly off. Also meat and vegetables, all of which I could buy in camp of the sutler if I had money.

If you would be kind enough to advance me a sum in Confederate bills, whatever you are willing to say, I will compensate by giving you draft for gold with interest, upon my father in Boston, or have the gold placed to your credit, subject to your order at any house in the North that you may designate.

As I am a stranger to you, I can only give you my word of honor as an officer and a gentleman that it will be honored.

If your son would be so kind as to call upon me once more at camp, an arrangement might be made which would assist me greatly.

I regret very much that I am restricted from calling and thanking you in person for your past kindness to me, and I also trust that Mrs. Sill has recovered from her indisposition.

With much gratitude, I remain, Sir, with much respect

Your friend,

Henry G. Dorr.

A few days later a guard appeared at my tent asking me to follow him. We passed through the stockade gate, and I again entered the guard house. There were several Confederate officers in the large guard room, and an old gentleman who supported himself with two canes, to whom I was presented, thus:

"Dr. Sill, this is Lieutenant Dorr."

How shall I describe this very tall, distinguished looking old gentleman who seemed to command the respect and consideration of the Confederate officers in the guard room as being a man of very considerable consequence in the city of Columbia. His features were strong, his eyes deep set and piercing; his mouth large and especially firm. His head was covered with long iron gray hair, which partly covered a broad full forehead. I was at first a trifle startled at meeting such an unexpectedly impressive looking old gentleman, and by the penetrating look he fixed upon me as I entered the room, and which continued until after I had been presented and was addressed by him, thus:

"Lieutenant Dorr, I have called to see you in response to your letter lately received by me. This is the first time that I have left my house for a month past, as you can see I suffer much from rheumatism; but learning from your letter that your home was in Boston, where in former days I have had friends and correspondents, I felt impelled to visit you here, make your acquaintance in

person, and ask you a few questions respecting those whom I had once known in your city."

All this was listened to by the Confederate adjutant. I replied to Dr. Sill, thanking him for the articles which he had sent me in December, and stating how deeply I, and also my messmate Lieutenant West were grateful for the assistance which had been such a relief to us in our unfortunate condition; also that I appreciated his present visit to me. I then gave him such information of his Boston friends as came within my knowledge. This consisted chiefly of the continued existence of one large well-known firm of wholesale druggists, from whom he had during many years obtained medical supplies.

Presently the adjutant was called away to the opposite end of the room, when Dr. Sill rapidly said to me, "Lieutenant Dorr, I am very glad that you wrote to me and that I have met you. Although I love my State, I have never felt in sympathy with the secession movement." As the adjutant rejoined us, Dr. Sill continued—"The condition in which my family and myself are at present makes it impossible for me to do much for your relief, but what we can do we will do most gladly."

With this and mutual leavetaking the interview ended. I accompanied Dr. Sill to the sidewalk, which was as far as the guards would permit me to go; and I watched him slowly limping towards his home. And I believe that I was rather overcome by the visit of the doctor, until one of the officers

burst in upon my thoughts, by telling me to follow the guard, who then conducted me to the inside of the stockade gate.

It must be borne in mind that all letters that passed in or out of the prison, by the regular channel, viz: through the rebel headquarters, were read before delivery, by the adjutant or some other censor.

On February 4th I received the following letter from Dr. Sill:

Columbia, February 4, 1865.

Lieutenant Henry G. Dorr,
of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry,
Military Prison,

Sir:—

Herewith I send you a few things, viz: two heavy woolen shirts, two pair Canton flannel drawers, and two pair half hose, which is all in that way we can send you at present. Boots are not to be had at present; the prices I understand range from five to six hundred dollars; they will therefore have to be omitted for the present.

I send you besides some flour and lard and other things. The pickled pork is not to be had now.

I have been quite unwell since I saw you. My wife has been quite sick and is still so.

Respectfully,
Edward Sill.

It is superfluous for me to state the more than joy with which West and I read this letter, and removed from the basket, sent in with it, the articles

mentioned in the letter. Immediately we donned the garments, and then prepared a meal such as we had not enjoyed for many a long month, barring the steak that had come in the package in December. Oh, the comfort of those woolen shirts, Canton flannel drawers and warm socks, whole socks, any kind of socks, for our feet were about naked of cotton, wool or leather. And these delightful acquisitions, together with the December bed quilts afforded us a species of happiness that is beyond the belief or appreciation of anyone who has not experienced privations of a similar nature to those of Lieutenant West and myself in many prisons in the Confederacy.

This letter of February 4th was the last that I then received from Dr. Sill, for in a few weeks time, we, with the other prisoners in the Asylum Prison were bundled on board freight cars, forty to forty-five in each car; doors closed upon us, and the trains started for North Carolina, to get us away from Columbia before Sherman's army, then near, could reach the city and release us.

That which followed and that which preceded this episode, are other stories of curious experiences, continuing until West and I, after vain attempts to escape, and many hopes and disappointments finally entered the Union lines, free men, and, wept over the dear old banner of stripes and stars, the sight of which had been so long denied to us.

But of Dr. Sill! I have many subsequent letters from him and also from members of his family, re-

ceived after peace had been declared. One of the earliest contains an account of his and his family's sufferings during the time of the burning of Columbia, fired by the rebel soldiers and citizens to destroy the cotton stored there.

But all of these letters are full of gratitude for assistance afforded by my father, to, in some measure, repay the invaluable help that the kind doctor had rendered to me in my distress.

And what of the Swinging Sign?

Its story has been told, and it needs no comment other than that it first inspired thoughts of vengeance, then a call for help, followed by more than kindly response, and lastly a heartfelt gratitude that will never die until the silent river is crossed by the recipient—if then!

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